

Written for the Youth's Companion.

ORPHAN WILLIE,

THE WANDERING MINSTREL.—Chap. VII.

Mr. Herbert was himself, fortunately for Willie, fond of music. And desirous of giving his nephew every facility of becoming a proficient in his favorite accomplishment, he bought him a guitar. Willie soon became, without any instruction, an expert player, and learned to accompany himself in the songs which he sang; to the no small gratification of his uncle and his cousins. Every spare moment he devoted to his instrument. His favorite time of practice was late in the evening, after the family had retired for the night. The silence and solitude of this season, were favorable to the repose and tranquility, which with him were necessary to a full enjoyment of music.

His proficiency was in a short time so great, that growing weary of the old airs which he had played over so often, he began to compose little melodies for himself. For these he wanted words: and as music and poetry are closely allied, and one naturally leads to the other, he wrote and adapted words also. The fame of his compositions soon began to spread around the neighborhood; and he was constantly invited to the neighbors' houses, and began already to receive the appellation of "Minstrel Willie." His popularity was very encouraging to him, and he devoted himself more and more to his music.

About this time his uncle, who had been for many years in slender health, was taken ill, and after a few weeks illness, died. His business yielding him while alive, only enough to support his family from year to year, they were left at his death destitute, and Willie was thrown once more upon his own resources. And these were now such as would not fail him; he told his friends that he had no fear for the future; his guitar and his voice would never fail him, and with these he should henceforth earn his own subsistence. He had early read with great delight of the ancient minstrels, who wandering from place to place with their harps, sang ballads of their own composition, celebrating the warlike adventures of the age, or relating some romantic tale of fiction. And though such personages were rather unknown in our own country, he had heard that a remnant of them still were left in the old world, and he thought he might become, as well, a pioneer among the minstrels of America. Our own history had abundant material in it for song, and our wild romantic scenery could not fail to inspire poetical emotion, and furnish subjects for pleasing description.

Added to this, a strong desire had always possessed him for roving, and until this was satisfied, he thought, like most young persons of his age, that he could not be contented to remain stationary any where.

As his plans began to assume a more definite shape, he fixed the time for his departure, and busied himself in making what preparations were necessary. He had grown attached to his kind cousins, and found it painful to leave them; but thrown immediately upon his own resources, he had no other alternative. Making up his small bundle of clothes, he put them into a knapsack, which he had made for the purpose, so constructed that it could be strapped easily upon his back, and have his hands free to play upon his guitar, whenever he found occasion. To the guitar he attached a string, which passing over his neck, relieved him from the weight of the instrument, and facilitated his playing. He furnished himself with an over coat made of india-rubber cloth, and a cap of the same material, which effectually shielded him from the rain and the cold winds in rough weather.

Thus equipped, he began to form his plans for his first day's journey. The direction, he had already determined upon. It was now many years since he had wandered from the village of "Sweet Waters;" and his fancy picturing it to him still, as the fairest place in all the world, he could not think of going in any other direction till he had taken that. The road to it led through many rural villages, and from the very fact that it led him *home*, it was to him the most attractive and beautiful of all roads. His arrangements all made, he was ready on the morrow, to take his departure.—*To be continued.*

Original.

THE MOTHER'S COUNSEL.

BY MRS. EMELINE S. SMITH.

THE shadows of twilight were creeping over the streets of a large city. Amid the busy throng that crowded one of the principal thoroughfares, two little boys going in different directions, met, and stopped, as if by mutual consent, in front of a book-store, to gaze admiringly upon the fine prints and elegantly bound volumes that decorated the newly-lighted window. There was a striking contrast in the appearance of the two children; one was about ten years of age, tall and well formed, with the hue of health on his cheek, and the light of happiness in his eye. His face, however, was unpleasing, for its general expression was harsh and selfish. He was richly dressed, and the elaborate care evidently bestowed upon his whole person, from his curled locks to his neatly-covered foot, proclaimed him the petted favorite of fortune. His companion, though in reality one or two years older, was much smaller in stature, and, but for the mature expression of his countenance, might have been thought considerably younger. It was easy to see by his scant and humble attire, that he was the child of poverty. His face was beautiful, and its every feature lighted with intelligence beyond his years, but alas, his body was delicate and deformed, and he was incurably a cripple. One glance upon his high pale brow, where premature care seemed already seated, and one look into the depths of his eloquent eye, which thus early glowed with the light of lofty thought, was sufficient to assure the observer that the knowledge of his misfortune was a weight that rested heavily upon the boy's spirit, and a cloud that darkened the beautiful spring time of his life. He seemed a fitting subject for the sympathy of every heart, as he stood there gazing so earnestly and wistfully at treasures which it was evident he could not hope to obtain.

"Don't you wish," said the larger boy, interpreting the thoughts of the other, and glancing at the same time, at his coarse attire, "don't you wish your father was rich enough to buy you some of those elegant books?"

"I have no father," replied the deformed, and even the sound of his voice, as he uttered these few but touching words, was eloquently expressive of the sadness that had settled upon his heart; it had nothing of the lightness and cheerfulness of childhood, but its tones were low, soft and subdued, like the accents of one who has long been acquainted with grief.

"Ah, that is a pity," carelessly said the other; "my father buys me many such books—more than I know what to do with. I don't read half of them, for I don't like reading."

"But what do you do with them, then?" asked the deformed.

"Oh, I look at the pictures, if they have pictures, and then throw them aside; sometimes I tear them up, just for sport."

"Don't you think it wrong and wicked to do that?" mildly asked the deformed. There was a look of mingled astonishment and indignation on the face of the spoiled boy, which plainly told that he was not accustomed to such questions, as he said, or rather shouted—

"How dare you ask me such an impertinent question, you poverty-stricken fellow? One would think that hump on your back, and that lame leg, would teach you better manners."

At this coarse and unfeeling speech, the poor deformed seemed ready to sink to the earth. His face grew deadly pale, his breast heaved, and his limbs trembled as if they would no longer support him. For one instant he darted an angry glance at the speaker, but the insult was too keen to awaken any feelings save those of anguish, and, spite of himself, the tears started to his eyes, and he was forced to turn away to conceal them. With a tortured spirit and trembling steps, he left his unfeeling companion, and sought his home. It was a lowly and a humble one—scarcely containing the necessities of life, and barely affording a shelter from the "pelting of the pitiless storm"—yet was it to the stricken child, who now sought its precincts, a haven of rest, and a sanctuary of holy joy; for there he was ever greeted by the look of kindness, and gladdened by the music tone of love; and there, despite the gloom that had gathered over his spirit, the flowers of hope and happiness would spring up in his heart, and blossom beneath the genial influence of a mother's approving smile.

That mother was a widow, and he her only son. According to the peculiar nature of maternal tenderness, her's was more lavishly bestowed upon her boy, in consequence of his infirmities; but there were many other reasons to render him unutterably dear to her heart. She had once seen better and happier days—she had dwelt amid the comforts of affluence—she had been blest with the love of a kind and noble husband—she had been the mother of many children; rosy, smiling, lovely children, whose presence filled her home with light, and her soul with bliss—but one by one these many blessings had been taken away. First, reverses came, and surrounded her with the chill atmosphere and rude storms of poverty. Then Death, the spoiler approached, and the chosen of her youth—the beloved partner of her days—the revered father of her children, fell beneath that all-conquering hand. Then one after another of her beautiful band was snatched away by the same relentless power, until she was left with no hope and no solace but her poor, delicate and deformed boy, who was then to her heart, what the oasis is to the desert, the one green and fertile spot in a wide waste of desolation. Then he became the precious link that united her spirit to the holy and happy past—the sole and sacred tie that bound her to life. She had mourned her losses deeply, and almost despairingly; but the bitterness of grief had at length passed away, and her heart now rested peacefully, if not happily, upon its last and only hope. She now had but one earthly wish, and that was, to see her poor boy happy. For this she would have made any sacrifice, or

endured any suffering; for this, so all absorbing was her love, she would willingly and cheerfully have perilled her life.

The hapless, heart-stricken child reached his home. There were the bare walls, the uncovered floor, the dying fire, the scanty food, and all the cheerless accompaniments of poverty, but there, to compensate for the want of every other comfort, was such a smile of love as might light the face of an angel, and such words of greeting as might welcome a repentant spirit to Heaven.

The mother, with the quick eye of affection, discovered that something unusual had pained her son, and the kiss she imprinted on his pale forehead was sonder than ever, and as she drew him towards her, and folded him to her bosom, there was such a holy tenderness in her manner, that the poor boy's heart was comforted. But it was only a transient gleam of peace, shooting athwart his mind, like a flitting sunbeam on a stormy landscape, for soon the remembrance of the bitter words he had heard, came back to darken every hope, and burying his face in his mother's bosom to hide the tears that *would* come, he sobbed—

"Mother, mother, I would like to die. What right has such a maimed and miserable wretch in this perfect and beautiful world? Even now I am looked at with contempt, and spoken to with scorn. If I live to grow up to manhood, nobody will love me, and I shall have none to love. Some will pity, and some despise, but all will dread my presence, and shudder at my approach. Oh, mother, what has life for me?"

Who shall describe the agony of that lone widow as she listened to these words? For years, long and weary years, she had striven to keep the knowledge of his misfortune from poisoning the mind of her son. For this she had, whenever she looked upon the blemishes which wrung her heart, checked every rising sigh, and repelled each bursting tear. For this she had labored, to gain the means of educating him, that, in the enjoyments of mind, he might forget the infirmities of the body. For this she had toiled beyond her feeble strength, and spent the hours of needful rest in fervent prayer. She knew that her boy was growing up a sorrowful being; she knew that his misfortune had burdened the light-heartedness of the child, and brought the premature thoughtfulness of manhood; but she did not know, until that miserable moment, how deeply and despairingly the fearful knowledge had fastened upon his heart. She had ever feared some cruel lip would taunt him with his infirmities; and now that she knew it had been so, she felt she had not anticipated half the misery the event would awaken.

How was she to answer that passionate appeal? How reply to those burning words which proclaimed her son in feeling, if not in years, a man? She paused and pondered well; she raised her sorrowful eye to heaven; she breathed an inaudible but fervent prayer; she sought the aid of a wiser than man ere she spoke the words which she felt were to exercise a mighty influence. Oh, that mothers would thus pause and ponder ere they give the counsel that may color a whole existence! How many a young heart has been led to good or evil

by a few words heard in the moments of deep and uncontrollable feeling. How many a life has been guided and governed by the influence of a single lesson acquired in the season of passionate thought. Oh, ye, to whom is entrusted the glorious task of forming and directing the youthful mind, reflect well upon the serious importance of your charge, and let not the innocent eye of childhood look up to you in vain for that example and that teaching which is to lead it unharmed and unscathed through the fiery ordeal of the world!

They formed a fine picture, the mother and her son, standing together in the shadowy light of that dim and dreary room—She with her pale brow and imploring eye raised to heaven, and he with his earnest and asking gaze fixed upon the face that was ever a heaven to him. The widow's prayer was ended; the light she sought had dawned upon her spirit, and she moved her lips to speak.

"My son," and her voice was low and solemn as if burdened with intensity of feeling, "my son kneel this moment and ask forgiveness of thy Father in Heaven for the wrong thou hast this night done. Thou hast despised the great and glorious gifts which he has granted thee; thou hast counted as nought the priceless attributes of mind and sighed for the perishing beauties of the body. Thou hast said 'what is there in life for me?' Oh, my child, there is much,—Look round upon the visible world;—have you not an eye to admire its beauties, a heart to feel its power, and a mind to comprehend its magnificence? Go with me, at morn, away to the pleasant places of nature and listen to her perpetual hymn of praise. Have you not an ear to drink in this melody, and a voice to join in the universal song? Never again, my dear boy, ask what is there in life for thee. Thou art gifted with mind and understanding far beyond thy years; turn then to the fount of knowledge, and obtain there, that which will make thee forget thy infirmities, and value the body only for the imperishable gem it enshrines. Seek the aid of Virtue and she will arm thy spirit with strength to bear the ills of life. Use well the noble gifts that God has given thee, and despite thy misfortunes, the glance of pity and the tone of scorn shall be changed into the look of approval and the word of praise."

The mother spake with the serious earnestness of a priestess uttering a solemn prophecy, and the boy listened with an interest as intense as if life hung on every word. By degrees his tears ceased, his brow became calm and his eye beamed with the holy light of peace. When the admonition, which though so lofty in its character had been perfectly comprehended by the mature mind of the child, was ended, his face was radiant with a lofty resolution, and, kissing the speaker fondly, he said,

"Mother, dear mother, I am happy. I will live to follow thy teaching, to honor thy name and to comfort thy days. Forget that I ever complained and I give thee a promise, which I pray God to help me to keep, that I never more will murmur at my misfortune, never more pain thy heart with useless regrets, but seek to follow the glorious path you have this night marked out."

And the boy, child as he was in years, kept his promise with a resolute firmness that would have done honor to manhood. Never, after that memorable eve, was he heard to utter one complaining word. Never again, at least in presence of his mother, did his brow wear the cloud or his eye the shadow of gloom. He went forth among his companions wrapped in an armor of determination that defied all malice and turned away all reproach. This change in his feelings was productive of the most beneficial and happy results. Day by day he began to acquire a strength of constitution and elevation of character which could never have been his if despondency had continued to exercise its blighting influence over his young and tender spirit. His fond mother marked the change with delighted eye; and when at length, by the aid of a small legacy left her by a distant relative and her own unparalleled industry and economy, she was enabled to gratify the dearest wish of her heart, that of giving her boy a classical education, she felt herself blest indeed beyond her most sanguine expectations.

Her son passed his collegiate term with honor to himself and his teachers, and left the institution with the admiration and respect of all who had been his associates. He chose the profession of the law, and, though for a time he had to struggle with many disadvantages and difficulties, he never despaired of obtaining the meed he sought—an honorable and useful station in society. The excellent counsels of the mother guided the man as they had governed the boy, and led him with unerring step to the position he desired. Gifted with a mind of the highest order and a heart filled with noble and generous emotions, it is not surprising that he at length emerged from the obscurity which had darkened his earlier years. Those who had known him in his friendless, needy and afflicted boyhood, and who only looked upon the "outer man," watched his progress with a doubtful eye and wondered at his ambitious dreams. But those who looked deeper into the inner world of his mind and marked its lofty aspirings, its noble aims and untiring exertions, deemed that success would crown his efforts, and believed that the smiles of fortune, the adulation of friends, and the unfading laurels of fame would be his well merited reward.

Many years after their first meeting, the deformed and the chance companion of his boyhood stood together again in a different scene and under far different circumstances. One of these two was arraigned at the bar of justice for the fearful crime of murder; the other was there as counsel for the accused. Need we say which was the criminal? The evil passions which had so early manifested themselves in one of the children had "grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength," until they had gained complete mastery over his heart. In youth they had led him into many a situation of shame and sorrow, and now in manhood, they had brought him before men, charged with a deed of the darkest dye!

From some circumstances connected with the transaction it was fair to suppose that the prisoner was inno-

cent of the actual crime of murder; but his unfortunate disposition militated strongly against him, for, as he was universally known as a man of an ungovernable temper, it was generally thought that he had, in one of his fits of rage when he seemed capable of any excess, committed the dreadful deed. The public voice was loud against him, and many hearts had already condemned. These knew not how many minute circumstances had combined to place him in the light of a criminal, and they reflected not how much their own judgments were biassed and awayed by the deep prejudices which his former faults had awakened in their minds. The belief of his guilt had gone forth to the world—It had circulated widely; it had poisoned almost every mind and fastened itself upon almost every heart. Before he had passed the ordeal which was to establish his guilt or innocence, the prisoner had been unfairly condemned, and his advocate, whose duty it was to see justice properly awarded, felt that it must be a mighty effort which could avert the doom which seemed almost inevitable.

To the young lawyer this was a case of peculiar interest. It was of more moment than any he had ever tried. He had always considered punishment by death a tragedy that should seldom or never be performed, and he was now placed in a situation where his efforts might have some influence to prevent it. He felt that the culprit, however guilty in the eyes of the world, did not merit the severest penalty of the law. Added to this, the prisoner was one who had been the indirect means of his own prosperity, and he felt towards him a sentiment of gratitude which would have prompted him, had there been no other consideration, to use every exertion, to strain every nerve, and to toil with almost super-human energy in his behalf.

The last day of the trial had come: hundreds of people curious or interested in the result assembled to witness the proceedings. The prisoner had in early life, as we have shown, been the favorite of fortune, but ere he grew to manhood the smiles of the faithless dame were withdrawn, and he who had been reared in the expectation of a proud inheritance was compelled to go forth and seek subsistence by his own exertions. The changes which followed this event—the necessity of mingling with those whom he once despised—the falling off one by one of his "summer friends," tended to embitter a disposition naturally so violent, and gounded his haughty spirit almost to madness. The added bitterness of his temper had driven away the few remaining friends whom adversity had not alienated, and now, in his trying hour, he was unsoothed and unsustained by all save two persons connected to him by the nearest ties of kindred.

But these two were powerful pleaders in his behalf. They were his young wife and aged mother. The former was a pretty and interesting young creature, with her pale cheek and sunken eye telling a tale of the mental agony she had lately endured. The latter seemed a fine subject for a painter, as she stood with her time-worn brow and her dim eye uplifted to heaven, as if she sought there the only consolation that could be found for grief so poignant as her's. Her mind seemed nerved with heroic fortitude to bear the worst, for her manner

was dignified and calm, but despite all the resolution she could call to her aid, her heart *would* send some signs to the face to speak more eloquently than words of its intensity of suffering. The muscles of her mouth would often twitch convulsively, her brow contract like one in pain, and a large tear would gather every few moments and roll unheeded and unfelt down her furrowed cheek. Many an eye in that vast assembly looked tearfully upon that picture of woe, and many a heart, that had before condemned the prisoner, now beat with an ardent wish for his acquittal.

During the previous day of the trial the testimony had closed, and the assembled multitude awaited now with deep interest the summing up of counsel. After a few preliminaries the prisoner's advocate arose. His appearance was interesting in the extreme, and all eyes were instantly rivetted upon him. He had outgrown in one respect his early deformity, and there was nothing now save his lameness to detract from his personal appearance. He was dressed in a plain suit of the deepest black, which formed a fine contrast to the pale and almost marble-like complexion. His face, over remarkable for its intellectual beauty, was now rendered strikingly elegant by its lofty and spirited expression. He seemed deeply sensible of the important consequences attached to his endeavors, and his manner was dignified, solemn, and impressive. He looked calmly around the expectant audience and then began in a low, serious and subdued tone.—“He who sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.” He then paused until the last lingering sound of his strangely musical voice had died away, and then, amid the thrilling silence that ensued, he resumed in a louder tone—“These words of holy writ are unmistakable in their import; they tell us plainly as words can tell that a murderer should not go unpunished—but these very words impose upon us a solemn obligation to look well and wisely ere we perform the fearful act of punishing by death. Life is a glorious gift—it is a spark of divinity—a portion of God. Should we not tremble to quench the taper lighted by an Almighty hand? Even when we look upon one whom we are told has stained his soul with the blood of a brother, should we not ponder deeply and consider wisely ere we condemn the accused? He stands before us, erect in the pride and glory of manhood; his brow lifted to heaven, his form fashioned in the likeness of his divine creator, and his mind a portion of God-like intelligence! It is hard to think a being thus created would forget his lofty birthright, and degrade himself below the brutes that perish. It is hard to think a being thus endowed and thus blessed would turn from his high destiny to do a deed which humanity shudders to contemplate. And yet the prisoner at the bar is charged with such a deed! Oh, if there *is* a doubt of his guilt, should we not admit that doubt, and if there is a hope of his innocence, should we not turn to that hope and let its blessed light lead us to mercy?”

He then proceeded to comment upon that portion of the evidence which favored the belief of the prisoner's innocence. He made good use of it, and placed every favorable circumstance in the best possible light. He

came at length to speak of the relatives of the accused—of the young wife, with the sweet and trusting love of woman; with her dependence for comfort, her hopes of happiness, her every thought and dream and wish centered in the one dear object whom she had chosen as her protector. He pictured the pleasant home, the cheerful fireside, the happy wife listening with smiling face for the sound of approaching steps. He described the change that would come over this scene, if he who stood at the bar of justice pleading for mercy should be condemned. The wife's utter desolation of heart—the destruction of her every joy—the wreck and ruin of her every hope. The desolate home, the darkened hearth, the ceaseless tears, and all the gloomy accompaniments of woe. He called attention to the aged parent, and then his own soul responded to the same emotions that thrilled the hearts of his auditors. Oh! how touchingly and feelingly did he paint the holy love of a mother for her son! Her suffering in giving him life; her tender and untiring care over his helpless infancy, her unweary watches by his cradle-bed in his hours of sickness, and her holy teaching in his days of health; her constant prayers for his happiness and her ceaseless affection through every change. Then he asked if such prayers and such love were all in vain—if, despite their sacred influence, their beloved object should sink to eternal infamy, and the grey hairs of that aged mother go down in shame and sorrow to the grave. And then he conjured those who heard him, by every generous feeling of their hearts, by every blessing they held dear, by every hallowed tie that bound them to parents, wife, and child, to shut from their minds all belief of the prisoner's guilt.

There was a magic charm about that oratory which fascinated every hearer. Old age forgot his weary thoughts and listened with the enthusiastic feelings of youth. Manhood laid aside his busy cares and ambitious schemes to give his undivided attention to the speaker; and youth turned from his brilliant dreams of the future to fix every thought upon the present. But what were the feelings of the accused as he drank in every eloquent word? The speaker seemed to him a blessed being invested with power to snatch him from eternal woe and give him a new existence. Fate hung upon the sound of his voice, and as he pleaded so eloquently, so powerfully, and so convincingly, the wretch who once despised could have knelt and worshipped him as a superior being.

When that thrilling speech was ended, there was one deep drawn breath from the multitude who had been so long almost motionless as statues, and then arose a tumult and thunder of applause which shook the stately building to its foundation. Long continued and oft repeated was that burst of admiration and the speaker hailed it as an omen of success.—The trial went on; the prosecuting attorney made his plea. He spake ably and powerfully, but he spake to ears that heard him not, or to hearts that had already decided against him. The Judge's charge was favorable for the prisoner and the jury retired amid faces bright with the hopes of an acquittal. A few moments of suspense passed, and then the men upon whose lips hung the fiat of life or

death, returned with a verdict of "not guilty!" The shout of applause that pealed from the dispersing crowd told how satisfactorily that decision was received.

The prisoner was pressed in the arms of his delighted relatives; and then the aged mother and the young wife and the bewildered acquitted knelt, and with tears of gratitude called down blessings on the head of him who had exerted himself so nobly in their behalf. It were hard to say who was the happiest of that group—the man released so unexpectedly from a noisome cell and the fears of an ignominious death,—the relatives lifted so suddenly from the depth of shame and sorrow to the pinnacle of hope and happiness—or the advocate whose benevolent heart exulted in the reflection of the good deed it had done.

That evening the widow and her son communed together again in their home. It was no longer a lowly and cheerless one, but lofty and spacious and surrounded with all the comforts and elegances of life. As for the mother, words may not seek to describe nor thought endeavor to imagine the holy joy and gratitude that revelled in her heart. Suffice it to say her griefs were all forgotten, her years of care and anxiety, her countless tears, toils and troubles all recompensed; more than recompensed by her newly acquired bliss. And her son, her glorious child,—glorious despite the doubtful promise of his spring-time;—had not his ambitious dreams and lofty aspirations been, that day, abundantly gratified.

After many moments indulgence of a happiness too deep for words the mother spake—"Said I not, my dear boy, that the glance of pity and the tone of scorn would be changed to the look of approval and the word of praise. Has not the experience of this day proved that I told thee aright?"

"It has indeed, dear mother—to thee I owe this triumph. But for thee and thy blessed counsel I should now have been a miserable wretch, despised by society and detested by my own heart. Thy excellent teachings have made me what I am and to thee my eternal gratitude is due."

"Not so, my son, not to me but to thy Father in Heaven be all praise awarded. I et us kneel, my dear child, and pray for a fitting spirit to bear this excess of joy."

New-York, January, 1842.

the case, the things which we beg, or which are given to us, will never be so good as those which he has. He has only one lock of hair, that is very long, and is on his forehead. If persons catch hold of it as soon as they see him he will not be able to pass on without leaving them something to remember him by. But if he slips by, they may call as loud as they please, he will never turn back.

Should you like to know the name of this pleasant old man? His name is Time. Always remember that you cannot be happy in this world or another, if you do not keep fast hold of time. (Remember, therefore, young readers, the old maxim, to "take time by the fore-lock.") If you waste your time at your week day school, you will never grow wise. If you play at the Sabbath School, you will never grow good. Make haste, and try to improve your time as well as you possibly can. Think good thoughts when you are alone. Attend to all good things you read and hear. Speak good words. Spend your time in teaching other children to be good. Learn everything that is useful. Don't waste any time. You know what is said in the New Testament, about the man who hid his talent in the earth. Your time is talent. Do not by wasting hide it in the earth. But use it so that God will call you a good and faithful servant. If you do not understand all this, ask your parents or teachers, or some one else to tell you what it means. Think a great deal about time. Think about this old man when you go to bed, and when you get up. Say in the morning, I intend to keep fast hold of the old man's lock to day. And pray to God to help you to improve your time. Say when you go to bed at night, have I let the old man pass me to-day? or have I caught and held him fast? Have I wasted my time? If you have done so, pray to God to forgive you; and try very hard to do so no more. You all know that you may play at proper times, and your teachers and friends love to have you. But you also know that you must not play while they are teaching you. -*Sunday School Teacher.*

THE OLD MAN WITH THE FORELOCK GREY.

I know an old man, who has a very pleasant and sensible face. He is very old, yet he always goes quite straight; never turning to the right hand or left. He carries a scythe in his hand, with which he mows down all before him. Houses, trees, and indeed all things this world contains, fall down or crumble to pieces when he passes over them. He has a large bundle of books, full of instructions, good clothes and food, and every thing that can make us happy, in his hand. He will give good things to all who watch and hold him. But he flies very fast; and if we are not quick, he will get away before we have time to speak to him, or get any of the good things he gives. And unless we do, many of us will not have clothes to wear, or food to eat, without begging them of others. And even if people are willing to give us, which is not always

THE NURSERY.

THE OPEN GRAVE.

It was on a bright, sunshiny morning, early in the summer, that Sarah Thornton set off to the Sunday School, with a light heart and a smiling face, having her hymn-book in her hand, and looking into it now and then, as she went along, to satisfy herself that she was perfect in the verses which her teacher had marked for her to learn. But there was something that Sarah thought of much more than of the verses; something she had been thinking of for many days before, and which now employed her mind, when it ought to have been employed about better things. She was dressed in a new frock, and her straw bonnet had been trimmed anew; so that she was quite sure her appearance would excite a great deal of attention in the school, and she was silly enough to feel both pride and pleasure in the expectation of surpassing her companions. Foolish child! she did not consider how far she was outshone by the meadow flowers around her, and the gay butterfly that fluttered over her head!

She tripped onward, and soon came to a clear and quiet brook, in which, as it glistened in the sunbeams, she could see her own figure reflected—dress, bonnet, ribbons, and all. She would have been sorry to have any one know how long she stood to gaze; but, after some minutes had passed, she recollected that she must hasten to school, or she would lose the ticket for early attendance; and, accordingly, she crossed the little bridge, and quickly hurried on. Her way lay through the village churchyard; and, just as she entered it, close by the path, she saw an open grave, the earth heaped up on each side, and wooden boards laid down in a manner which showed that the burial would soon take place. Sarah could not help shuddering as she passed, and observed that the grave was small as if intended for a *child*; but she did not like to think upon such a sad subject, and before she arrived at the school, she had dismissed it from her mind.

Sarah's vanity, and its cause, did not long escape the notice of her teacher. She grieved to see the look of triumph with which the little girl returned the admiring glances of her school-fellows. It was plain that her heart was full of pride; and her teacher knew that there could be no room for "thoughts of Christ and things divine," while this hateful sin had such dominion there.

The day was spent in the usual manner; but I am sorry to say that Sarah paid little attention to her book. Nor was this all; but her light and careless behaviour when in the house of God, plainly showed that she was not seeking to worship him "in spirit and in truth." One sin naturally leads on to another; and thus Sarah's indulgence of a foolish vanity made it easy for her to forget her duty, not only to her teacher, but to God. In the afternoon, when the scholars were dismissed, she again took her hymn-book in her hand, and was about to hasten home; but her teacher came up to her, and gently drawing her aside, she said, "I am going to call upon little Anne Harvey's mother; and, if you like, you may go with me, to see your school-fellow for the last time."

Sarah knew that Anne Harvey was dead; and since she came to school, she had heard that the grave she saw in the morning had been prepared for her; so she thanked her teacher, and said she should like to go, for she wished to look at poor Anne in her coffin, having never seen a dead body, and she almost wondered what death could mean.

When they arrived at the house, they found the poor mother in great distress, but she seemed comforted by the visit of Sarah's teacher, who reminded her that the departed child had known and loved the blessed Saviour, and was doubtless taken from this sinful world, to be "forever with the Lord." After a few more words, the poor woman led the way to the darkened room where Anne was laid, and Sarah and her teacher followed in sad and thoughtful silence.

Sarah trembled as she approached the bed, and felt afraid to turn her eyes towards the coffin; yet she need not have been afraid, for little Anne was lying there so peacefully, that, at the first glance, you might have supposed she was only sleeping. But the face was pale and cold; so very cold, that Sarah started when she touched the thin, white cheek; and the tears filled her eyes as she remembered how often she had seen Anne come into the school-room, with a healthful and happy face, and a kind smile for all around!

"Sarah," said her teacher, as they stood together beside the coffin, "you see this lifeless, decaying body, which will soon be placed in the grave, to return to the dust. You know that the soul is not here; it is gone, we trust, to join the happy ones in heaven, having been washed in the precious blood of Christ, which 'cleanseth from all sin.' Do you think it is of any consequence now whether Anne was rich or poor in this world, or whether she was envied or despised by those who knew her here?"

"No, ma'am," answered Sarah, whispering, "for she was here a very little time; but she will live in heaven forever and ever."

"She was a poor child," continued the teacher; she had no money; and her clothes were plain and coarse; her bonnet and shoes were old, and her frock had been mended many times. Do you remember this?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered Sarah, looking down.

"And suppose she had been rich and gaily clothed, would it have made any difference to this poor body, that is so soon to be buried in the grave?"

"Oh no! ma'am," replied Sarah, with earnestness.

"But think, if she had not loved her Bible, nor thought of death, nor prayed to have her

sins forgiven ; if she had set her heart on worldly things, or on fine clothes, just to adorn this dying body ; if she had died in ignorance of her Saviour, and of the only way to heaven, what must have become of her *soul*?"

There was a long and solemn pause ; for Sarah felt her teacher's reproof, and conscience also told her of her sin. At length, her kind friend again addressed her. "Which, then, should we think of first," she asked, "and care for most earnestly ; the *body*, that dies and must decay ; or the *soul*, that can never, never die, but must live to be happy or miserable *forever*?"

Sarah could not answer ; but she wept bitterly, as the teacher went on to warn her of the sad consequences that must follow, if she did not seek the help of God to enable her to resist her evil inclinations. And, as she went home, she tried to pray that the compassionate Saviour would forgive her, and mercifully lead her into his good ways.

My young readers, whenever you are tempted, like Sarah, to be vain of the clothes which your kind parents may provide for your comfort, remember that the poor dying body, which you are so anxious to adorn, must soon return to dust ; and let it be your chief concern, that your immortal soul may be clothed in the righteousness of Christ ; that so, when death shall come, you may be received into the kingdom of his glory.



Written for the Youth's Companion.

THE ORPHANS.

Edgar and Laura Athelin were the only children of a gentleman who was once a rich merchant, and, what was of far more importance, a most eminently devoted child of God. He seemed to live only for Heaven, and all his aims and ends were, to train his two children, who were twins, in the ways of holiness, and the paths of peace. They had never known what it was to have the guardianship of a mother's love about them, for she had died while they were yet infants, leaving these two buds to blossom or be withered, without the shelter of the parent tree.

One day, good Mr. Athelin was taken ill, and after a few weeks of suffering, it was apparent that he was soon going to be with the angels and the holy ones about the throne of God, singing anthems to Him who purchased us with his own precious blood. He called his little children to his bedside, and with his hands upon their heads, gave them a dying benediction, saying,

"I go, my dear children, to meet your mother in heaven. You will be alone in the world, but God is your father and loves you better than any human being can; for "when father and mother forsake you, the Lord will take you up." I must die, and I die perfectly at peace, and I charge you to live in holiness and faith, so that when Death comes for you, you may meet your parents in Paradise."

Soon after, he died, and the brother and sister were left alone in the world. They resided with a kind uncle in Boston, and were well educated, and might have been very happy, if they had chosen the paths of virtue and religion. But they chose rather to be in the company of the gay and the profligate, spending their hours in visiting the theatres, ball rooms, and other places of amusement, living as if they wished all their happiness in this poor world.

One evening, Laura returned at a late hour from a party, wearied and unhappy, she could scarcely tell why. It was winter. She sat down in her chamber, and looked out upon the streets, where now and then a lamp gleamed in the distance, and the footstep of the watchman could be heard echoing in the air, and presently the clock struck one. It sounded very dismally, and Laura looked up at the old church steeple as it pointed up into Heaven. Her father's dying words came to mind, "meet me in Heaven!"

In a moment, she burst into tears, and the reflection of her past sinfulness, her forgetfulness of God, and all her transgressions rushed upon her, and seemed to overwhelm her. A long,

long time she wept there alone, till at length she took her Bible and read,

"For He is more willing to give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him, than parents are to give good gifts to their children!"

Oh! how great the mercy of God seemed to her, as she knelt down to confess her sins, and ask for that most precious gift, the Holy Spirit. She resolved there, upon her knees, to forsake iniquity, and live for heaven, if God would give her strength; and it was not many days, before she was rejoicing in the hope that she had been born again. Her interest now became intense, that her brother Edgar might also forsake the world, and become a child of God. But he, like too many others, cruelly tried to laugh her out of her religion, and called her a fool to be so sober. Still Laura was kind, and seemed more than ever interested in his happiness, and often prayed for him, with such prayer as God has promised to hear and answer.

One afternoon they sat together in the parlour, and Edgar appeared to be unusually serious. His sister noticed this, and taking advantage of the moment, began reading the *Boston Recorder* that she was holding in her hands. At length, Edgar spoke.

"What are you reading, Laura?"

"A very interesting sketch, Edgar, shall I read it aloud?"

"If you please," said her brother.

She read aloud from the paper of April 15th, the sketch entitled, "*Conversion and Death of a young Female.*" He listened attentively at first, then dropped his head upon his hand, and before she had finished, burst into tears. When she laid down the paper, he fell upon her neck, and said,

"Oh Laura! Laura! forgive me for what I have said against your religion! I did not mean it! I did not mean it!"

"Ask forgiveness of God," said Laura, "and not of me who have nothing to forgive. It is against Him that you have sinned, and from Him must come the pardon!"

"Oh pray for me! pray for me!" was all he could say. And the two knelt down together, and poured out their hearts in prayer, to that Holy and Good Being who hears in secret but answers openly.

The two are now active, devoted Christians, loving each other and loving God, and living in such a manner that by the mercy of their Heavenly Father, through the atonement of Christ, they will meet their parents in heaven.

My young readers! will you try and imitate the example of THE ORPHANS? I. F. S.

THE PARTING KISS. A FRAGMENT.

I WAS five years old when my mother died ; but her image is as distinct to my recollection, now that twelve years have elapsed, as it was at the time of her death. I remember her as a pale, beautiful, gentle being, with a smile and a voice that was soft and cheerful when she praised me ; and when I erred—for I was a wild, thoughtless child—there was a trembling mildness about it that always went to my little heart. And then she was so kind, so patient ; methinks I can now see her large blue eyes moist with sorrow, because of my childish waywardness, and hear her repeat, “ My child, how can you grieve me so ? ” I recollect she had for a long time been pale and feeble, and that sometimes there would come a bright spot on her cheek, which made her look so lovely that I thought she must be well. But then she sometimes spoke of dying, and pressed me to her bosom, and told me to be good when she was gone, and to love my father a great deal, and be kind to him, for he would have no one else to love. I recollect she was very sick all day, and my little hobby-horse and whip were laid aside, and I tried to be very quiet. I did not see her for the whole day, and it seemed very long. At night they told me my mother was too sick to kiss me, as she always used to do, before I went to bed, and I must go without it. But I could not. I stole into the room, and, laying my lips close to hers, whispered “ Mother, mother, won't you kiss me ? ” Her lips were very cold ; and, when she put her arms around

me, laid my head upon her bosom, and one hand upon my cheek, I felt a cold shudder creep all over me. My father carried me from the room, but he could not speak. After they put me in bed, I lay a long while thinking. I feared my mother would indeed die, for her cheek felt as cold as my little sister's did when she died, and they laid her in the ground. But the impressions of mortality are always indistinct in childhood, and I soon fell asleep. In the morning I hastened to my mother's room. A white napkin covered her face. I removed it; it was just as I feared. Her eyes were closed; her cheek was cold and hard; and only the lovely expression that always rested on her lips remained. In an instant all the little faults for which she had so often reproved me rushed upon my mind. I longed to tell her how good I would always be, if she would remain with me.

She was buried; but my remembrance of the funeral always remained indistinct. I only entertained the impressions which her precepts and example left upon my mind. I was a passionate, headstrong boy; but I never yielded to this turn of my disposition without fancying I saw her mild, tearful eye fixed upon me, just as she used to do in life. And then, when I had succeeded in overcoming it, her sweet smile of approbation beamed upon me, and I was happy.

My whole character underwent a change, even from the moment of her death. Her spirit was for ever with me, strengthening my good resolutions, and weakening my propensity to do evil. I felt that it would grieve her gentle spirit to see me err, and I could not, would not, do it. I was the child of her affection; I knew she had prayed and wept over me, and that even on the threshold of eternity her affection for me had caused her gentle spirit to linger, that she might pray for me once more. I resolved to become all that she could desire. This resolution I have never forgotten. It helped me to subdue the waywardness of childhood, protected me during the temptations of youth, and will comfort and support me through the busier scenes of manhood. Whatever there is that is estimable in my character I owe to the impressions of goodness made upon my infant mind by the exemplary conduct and faithful instructions of my EXCELLENT MOTHER.



PAUL'S RETURN TO HIS MOTHER'S COTTAGE. - SEE PAGE 102.

THE
PERILS OF PAUL PERCIVAL;*
OR,
The Young Adventurer.

BY REV. J. YOUNG, M.A.

CHAPTER III.

"AND now they poise the murderous spear,
And now, with lightning speed,
Let fly the whizzing shaft of death,
And with delight, half stopping breath,
Behold the monsters bleed.

Thus they provide themselves with clothes, and thus,
Supply themselves with food?"

MILLMAN.

THERE is something particularly interesting, although not altogether separate from the painful, in following some self-exiled persons, by imagination, from their own to a foreign country: we feel anxious to know on what spot they will fix; what success will attend their efforts; how great, or how far, will be their difficulties; and a thousand other things: and all this, too, when we are assured that the persons for whom we feel concerned are as well provided with all they can immediately want, as a civilized country can supply or money procure.

The feelings we have noticed are quite natural, and we therefore suppose that our young friends will feel a proportionate degree of concern to know how Paul and his unfortunate companions succeeded in their station at Bell Sound, where they purposed to take up their abode for the winter, and without any of the comforts or even conveniences of ordinary life. Of these particulars, and other

interesting points, we are about to inform them in the present chapter.

The first thing attended to by the sailors, after they had landed, was to take a particular survey of the place. In doing this they were so fortunate as to meet with a house ready built to their hands, although somewhat impaired, and requiring a few alterations and improvements. This was no other than a substantial dwelling, formed of timber, and covered with Flemish tile. It was about eighty feet long, and twenty wide, and had been set up for the coopers to work in and lodge, during the time they were making casks, and barrelling up the train-oil, for their vessels, during former seasons of whaling.

Almost immediately after landing, the cold increased as considerably, and the frost was so intense, that another voyage to Green Harbor could not be attempted, fearing, as they had good cause to do, that the Sound would freeze up, and a return to their new habitation be rendered impossible; while a journey by land would have been impracticable, on account of the very mountainous character of the country.

Here, then, their abode was fixed for one year at least. They now began to build a smaller house within the large one, for the purpose of securing themselves more fully from the cold. To accomplish this, they took down a small building which was near the large one, and with those materials, which furnished deal boards, stanchions, or rafters, and bricks, commenced their work. A quantity of lime was also found about the place, and some they fetched from Bottle Cove; with this they united

mud from the sea-shore, and by that means obtained some very good mortar. The cold was now become so severe as to oblige them to make two large fires to keep them from freezing even while hard at work.

Here again Paul displayed his activity and ingenuity. He had noticed the bricklayers at work on his master's premises when at home, and had sometimes, when not otherwise engaged, assisted them; this had, in a measure, prepared him for the present occasion: with surprising readiness he commenced, with the assistance of one of the sailors, to build a wall of one brick thickness, against the inside of the planks of the house; while thus engaged, others were employed to clean and bring them bricks into the house; some made mortar, and some proceeded to cure the venison.

As soon as the two first sides of the building were finished, they found their brick and mortar all expended: they therefore were obliged to resort to another method in finishing the other two. Having nailed their deal boards to the uprights of the house, a vacant space was left of about twelve inches, which vacuum they filled with sand, and rammed it down until it became air-tight.

The length of this building was about twenty feet, the breadth sixteen, and the height ten. Their ceiling was made of deal boards, five or six thick, the centre of which, being placed over the joints of those below, prevented the wind by any possibility from entering. After having made their door as close as they were able, they lined it with an old bed which they found in the place, and so rendered it capable of resisting the weather at all times. The luxury of windows they dispensed with, and received their light, as in many parts of Ireland they do—down the chimney.

They then proceeded to construct small cabins, in which they were to sleep two together, while Paul had a small one assigned to himself exclusively. This arrangement was a pleasant one for all parties, as they thereby were enabled to perform such exercises by themselves as might not have been enabled to attend to so conveniently, had the whole been together. The skins of the deer, when dried, formed comfortable and warm beds, on which they reposed as well as if they had been cushions of down.

Attention to fuel next found them employment, this being a very important article in their winter stock. Several shallops having been left on shore by former whalers, they examined them carefully,

* Continued from page 88.

and found that seven were no longer serviceable; these they soon demolished, and conveyed the remains of them into their house.

In addition to the above, they broke up a number of empty casks; they likewise employed some planks, and two old coolers, used for cooling oil, for the same purpose, and in short, whatever they judged proper to avail themselves of, without serious injury to the next year's voyage.

The increase of the cold had become excessive, while day could scarcely be said to exist: night had now come; one long, dreary, and almost unbroken night, with all its biting cold, and black horrors, reigned profound. How long they might have to remain in their present dreary situation, they could not conjecture; they were, however, fully aware that the period must be a protracted one; and hence the necessity of taking the utmost care of their stock of fuel, became evident. The plan they adopted for this purpose was as follows: After they raked their fire together at night, with a good quantity of ashes and embers, they placed in the midst of them a log of elm-wood, which, after lying fourteen or sixteen hours, they found, on breaking it up, to be a mass of fire: to this method they adhered; so that for about eight months, like the ancient worshippers of fire, theirs never went out.

In obtaining a tolerably comfortable habitation, and laying in a stock of fuel, Paul and his companions had accomplished much; they were now able to look about them for a further supply of food.

During one of the rambles of the young adventurer, he perceived, in consequence of a strong wind which had been blowing all night, a quantity of drift-ice had been brought into the Sound. Judging it possible that something serviceable might have come with it, he approached nearer the shore, as the darkness which prevailed rendered objects indistinct at but a short distance. On one of the large pieces of ice Paul beheld, with a high delight, two sleeping monsters. At first he knew not what to make of them, but after a while, he recognised them as a sea-horse and its dam. The sight was a pleasurable one to Paul. Here was another supply of food, if they were only fortunate enough to capture them. At first he felt disposed to proceed to the attack alone, but then, on considering that one or both might escape him, he judged it would be wiser to inform his associates of his discovery. This, therefore, he lost no time in doing, and in a few minutes one of their boats was launched, and swam alongside the hoped-for prey: a harpoon was speedily stuck into the oldest of the two sea-horses, while with their lances they completed the work.

A scene now followed of natural affection which might put to the blush many human beings. The young animal had been awakened by the noise of its dam, and although the attack was witnessed by it, no disposition to escape was evinced, and even when the lifeless body was being conveyed away, it refused to leave the side of the boat, so that the seamen dispatched it easily with their lances. With these prizes they rowed on shore, and, having skinned them, cut them in pieces, and laid them by for store. About one week after this they killed another sea-monster, in the same way, which was also added to their stock.

Every day now brought an addition of gloom in

the weather, and of intensity in the cold; all hope, therefore, of obtaining any more provision until the next spring, died away; except only as a straggling bear might be taken near their premises. Impressed with this consideration, they took a more particular survey of their stock, and found it too small for the proper support of their company, the time it might be required; it was therefore agreed to allowance themselves to one reasonable meal a day, and on Wednesdays and Fridays to allow themselves only the fitters or graves of the whale, although this was a most loathsome kind of food. To this slender diet they confined themselves for a period of three months.

No sooner was one want met than another appeared. By this time their clothes and shoes were worn to pieces, and it became necessary that some invention should be resorted to, by which to repair what remained, or to provide more.

Here again the ingenuity of Paul displayed itself. As if the trials he had met with so early in life rather quickened his genius than crippled his energies, he set to, to remedy the evils under which himself and his companions were placed. Some very serviceable needles were soon formed of whalebones, not so fine or so handsome as gold-eyed Whitecapellers, still they answered their purpose as well. For thread they substituted portions of rope-yarn, and with these, for the present, they contrived to repair their tattered garments and shoes.

Now came a greater misery, if possible, than they had before known—the *misery of being unemployed*: they were unable to pursue their usual occupations, in consequence of the darkness and cold; and hence, their minds being left without exercise, their imaginations harassed them with a host of distressing ideas. Their miserable condition burst upon them with all its horrors. Their separation from home and relations, and from all the comforts of civilized life, was viewed by them with a weight of aggravation almost beyond endurance.

At times, indeed, hope cheered their bosoms, and they conceived it possible they might be able to weather out their trials, by the help of God, until the next year, and then deliverance would be experienced. At other times, their griefs varied, or rather the object of them was changed, the cruelty of their captain in deserting them then called up their anger; but this feeling was soon succeeded by a fear that the vessel had been overtaken by the ice, and the whole crew had miserably perished.

How much the pious attention of a mother may benefit, and in what scenes and periods of life her admonitions and example may be remembered and prove advantageous; none can say. Had it not been for Paul's domestic tuition, in all probability, himself and associates would have fallen victims to dark despair, on the inhospitable shores of Greenland; but under the providence of God they were preserved.

Paul perceived the disconsolate and courage-broken state of his companions, and assuming a degree of cheerfulness he did not fully possess, he expressed his surprise that men, and especially English sailors, should become faint-hearted. Having a good memory, and his mind being stored with anecdotes, both from sacred and profane history, of remarkable providential deliverances, he narrated

them as they sat round their fire, and by that means diverted himself and his companions. "I came from home," he would observe, "with my mother's blessing, and I am sure, therefore, I shall be safe. Let us," he would add, "put our trust in God, and seek his protection, and all will yet go well."

The exhortation was well-timed and efficient;

"Those prayed who ne'er had prayed before."

Strength and patience were asked for in their time of misery, and aid was imparted. Their minds became cheered and serene, and again they bestirred themselves to use the best means in their power for their preservation and deliverance.

Once more they inspected their provisions, and fearing lest their fuel should fail them, they thought it best to roast half a deer every day, and stow it in hogsheads, leaving as much raw as would supply them with a quarter every Sunday, and one for Christmas-day. On making their calculations, they found that they had not enough bear and venison, to allow themselves five meals a week, they therefore gave up one more, so that for the next three months, they fed four days in a week on mouldy fitters, and the other three on bear and deer.

That which now added to their afflictions was the total darkness which reigned. The sun appeared as if unwilling to shine upon such misery; for from the 14th of October until the 3rd of February they did not see the sun, nor did he once during that time appear above the horizon: the moon, however, when not obscured by clouds, shone, both by day and night, as brightly as it had ever been seen by them in England.

During this long time of darkness they were unable to tell with certainty when it was day, or when night. At the commencement of this cheerless season they sought some means to preserve a light; and finding a piece of sheet-lead over the seam of one of the coolers, they ripped it off, and made of it three lamps; these they supplied with oil which they found in the coopers' cabin, and making wicks of rope-yarns, they kept them continually burning.

Notwithstanding these exertions, depression of spirits would at times steal over them. The only remedy they could find was to cast themselves down before God, two or three times a day, and with penitence and humility confess their sins, and implore his mercy; and this practice they continued until the day of their deliverance.

The new year now commenced, and with it the cold considerably increased. At length it became so intense that it raised blisters on their flesh, as if they had been burned, and if they touched iron it stuck to their fingers like twigs covered with birdlime. At times, if they attempted to fetch some water, the cold seized so powerfully upon them that they appeared as if recently beaten with clubs. Their sufferings were now great indeed: for some time they found water issuing from a cliff of ice, and which ran into a natural bason in the beach, where it immediately became covered with a thick ice; this they broke daily, and took from this providentially-formed fountain as much water as they required to drink. This supply continued until the middle of January, when they were obliged to use snow-water in its stead. The snow they melted by putting red-hot irons into it, and with this only beverage they quenched their thirst until the following May.

Toward the end of January the days had considerably increased, at which time the islanders once more took stock, when they found their provisions ran so short that they could not be made to last more than six weeks longer. This was a gloomy discovery, and again the horrible alarm of being reduced to famine took possession of them. In this extremity Paul again reminded them of Elijah and the Ravens, and maintained that the same power that saved him could save them; and although human help seemed far distant, the Deliverer was ever nigh: and though hope itself were dead, all outward resources having failed, He might still be depended on as confidently as ever.

Again the seamen were revived, and again they looked upon Paul as a wise counsellor. Thus things passed on, until February began. The day was a fair and clear one, although the intensity of the cold seemed more severe than before. The hour of noon had arrived; the clouds had one by one fled away, and the sun once more smiled upon the shivering sailors with refreshing influence. The tops of the loftiest mountains were gilded with his glittering beams, and produced an effect of the most wonderful character. The brightness of the glorious luminary, and the exceeding whiteness of the snow, afforded one of the most cheering and animating spectacles they ever beheld. For a while they forgot their sorrows, and in the height of their transports seemed inclined to pay to this creature, the homage which belonged to the Creator alone.

This was the hour of their extremity, and help came as they required it. The joy they had newly experienced was considerably increased by beholding a she-bear with her cub approaching their habitation.

Such a sight under other circumstances would have been somewhat appalling. Had Paul seen such formidable monsters nearing his mother's house in his native village, it is likely he would have been among the first to have sought safety by flight; but now the intrepid youth was first prepared for an attack. Lances were soon in hand, and without waiting the bear's nearer approach, they sallied forth, and commenced the mortal conflict. Paul had the honor of placing the first lance in the body of the old bear. Its roar was terrific; soon other gashes followed, although not without difficulty and danger. Paul especially had nearly become a prey to its huge claws, for as she sank down with loss of blood, and bit the snow with rage, he advanced to give another thrust: at that moment she sprang forward, with eyes glaring like fire, and seizing hold of Paul's jacket, dragged him toward her. Another stroke from a sailor terminated the affray, and relinquishing her hold, she struggled and died. The cub on the first attack fled to the mountains, so that it escaped the fate of its dam.

The cold was so excessive that they were compelled to retire to their house and warm themselves before they finished their task, after which they returned and secured their prize. Having flayed her they cut her in pieces of about a stone weight, one of which made them a hearty dinner, and on the remainder they lived three weeks.

Having finished this seasonable supply, it became absolutely necessary that some more provision should be sought, or otherwise they would be obliged to begin their cask of roasted venison,

which they feared to do, lest it should be consumed before the fleet arrived from England.

The fears, however, in which they had indulged were soon proved to be uncalled for. Paul's declaration of his mother's blessing being a defence was seen to be true, for in a little time their habitation began to be visited by bears in considerable numbers. At different times they counted not less than forty, of which they succeeded in killing seven; one being of the extraordinary size of six feet high. These were soon flayed, and roasted on wooden spits, and their taste and flavor were found to be equal to the best beef. They now possessed a tolerably good stock of provisions, and therefore felt warranted to increase their allowance, eating on some occasions two and even three meals a day, the advantage of which they soon found in their improved strength and spirits.

As the days continued to lengthen, several kinds of birds, which during the more rigid part of the winter had deserted the place, began to make their appearance: this circumstance was attended with other benefits to the exiles; for immediately after the birds paid their visits numbers of foxes came also. These animals had lain for months concealed in their burrows, and among the rocks; but now, instructed by instinct that the time for seeking prey had come, they stole forth in pursuit of it.

These sights gladdened the hearts of Paul and his friends. Traps were soon formed for the capture of the foxes, which they baited with skins of the birds they found in the snow; by this means sixty were soon taken, the whole of which they roasted and found them excellent eating.

In the meantime, Paul's ingenuity was exercised in devising a plan to procure some of the birds, which he soon effected. They were in size and appearance much like our common ducks, and in consequence of their legs being placed so far behind, they are unable, when they settle on the snow, to rise again. The plan which Paul hit upon for his purpose, was to spread a bear's skin on the ground, laying the fleshy side upward, which attracted the winged visitants, and then setting springs made of whalebone, sixty of them rewarded him for his time and trouble.

By the beginning of May the weather had become comparatively warm, so that the party was enabled to range abroad in pursuit of provisions. Nearly the whole of the month they continued to pursue their object from morning until night, but without success; at length a fine buck was discovered stalking in the pride of liberty among his native wilds: the sight gave them new spirits, as they felt no doubt of being able to run him down with their dog; but they were disappointed, he had become so fat and lazy as to be unable or unwilling to commence the chase.

Two of the party wandered further on, and found, to their great joy, an abundance of willocks' eggs, a bird about the size of a duck, of which they carried between thirty and forty home, intending to return on the following day for more, but the cold became so severe, with a strong easterly wind, as to render it impossible for them to leave their house.

The time of their deliverance now drew on, and when looked not for it it came. On the 25th of May two ships from Hull entered the Sound, at which time the whole party was at home. Information had been received by the masters of the vessels

that some men had been left behind the year before, and feeling anxious to learn if any tidings of them could be obtained, although without any hope of saving them, they lost no time in sending a boat on shore to make inquiries. As soon as they came to the land, they perceived the lances which the exiles had placed in their shallop, for the purpose of going on another expedition against some sea-horses; these they took with them, and advanced directly toward the habitation.

At this time the party was in the inner building, preparing for prayers, in consequence of which they heard not the approach of their visitors. Soon however, an announcement was made of their presence, and a response of astonishment was given to their call with an eagerness indescribable. They rushed forth, black with smoke, and covered from head to foot with rags and tatters: a recognition immediately took place. Their venison, which had been cooked four months before, was spread before them, accompanied with a cup of their thawed snow-water, of which, for the novelty's sake, the visitors slightly partook.

The whole party of islanders were speedily conveyed on ship-board, where they received such a welcome as the noble-heartedness of English sailors readily prompted, and as their wonderful deliverance instantly suggested. Every attention was paid to their comfort; fresh clothing was provided to each, and at the end of the season they returned to England, and Paul once more received the warm embraces of his mother, and brothers, and sisters.

CHAPTER IV.

Hark! hark! there is joy in the cottage to-day,
Each countenance beams with delight,
The exile has come home, from lands far away,—
The aged look young, and the mourners are gay,
The lame leap for gladness, the churl learns to play—
The whole is a glorious sight.

Around him what crowds flock to hear his strange tale,
While the wonders he saw he relates!—
With fear they listen the maidens turn pale,
The awe-struck still fancy they hear the loud gale,
Which tore down the rigging and injured the sail,—
Each word some new marvel creates.

EXCESS of joy has sometimes been known to prove as fatal in its consequences as heavy grief. A great many instances might be narrated in which death has succeeded sudden transport. It is therefore proper that even good news, when unexpected, should be prudently made known, and never be communicated abruptly.

Happily for Mrs. Percival, she was a woman of a strong mind, and one who was rather influenced by reason than affected by passion: had not this been the case, it is highly probable something serious would have resulted from Paul's unlooked-for appearance.

Of himself and companions being left on the wild inhospitable shores of Greenland, painful information had been received through Captain Stephenson himself, whose grief was only less than the fond mother's. He had been driven by heavy masses of ice to sea, and at every attempt he made to return to land, and they were many, his ship was threatened with instant destruction by fearful icebergs, by which she was surrounded, and he was therefore compelled, though with a sad heart, to retire from the unfortunate shore, and leave his men to their fate. The shadow of a probability of any one of the party surviving did not exist in the mind of any

person, and long since, Paul's affectionate mother and relations had mourned for him as dead.

It was a fine evening in the beginning of September, when Mrs. Percival and her family had assembled, after their usual custom, at the porch of their little cottage. The fond parent sat gazing upon her boys, who were busily engaged in their neatly-cultivated plot of ground in front of their dwelling. She had taught all her children industry practically, by setting them a constant example of active diligence, and while others of their age in the village were seeking recreation from labor of mischief; her sons and daughters pursued it in the useful pleasure of the garden or needlework.

Beside Mrs. Percival sat her girls, engaged in their usual employment at the needle, by which means they contrived, with some occasional light employment the boys obtained, to render home comfortable.

The glorious sun was sinking fast behind some tall poplar-trees, which thickly skirted the garden, and threw its golden yet chastened rays over the entire place, like a halo of beauty, rendering the whole of the enclosure a kind of natural fairy scene. The thoughts of the family at that hour were turned to Paul, the beloved and mourned-for Paul. A species of mournful pleasure, a tender, pleasing pensiveness stole over the whole party, when Miriam, the eldest sister, in accordance with her mother's expressed wish, sang them the following somewhat appropriate stanzas, called

THE MAIDEN'S PRAYER.

I saw him climb the vessel's side,

I heard his last-farewell,

I saw him wave his manly hand,

But more I cannot tell;

For swiftly flew his gallant bark

Across the crested tide:

I prayed—May Heaven his keeper be,

And Providence his guide.

Years passed and tidings often came

Of feasts of valor done,

By him who lived within my heart,—

Of wreaths of glory won!

I trembled with a woman's fears,

Yet felt a woman's pride;

And prayed—May Heaven his keeper be

And Providence his guide.

Though lengthened years may intervene,

Ere I his loved face see,

His honor and his name will be,

As ever, dear to me.

Affection still will prompt the prayer,

Though roaring seas divide,—

May Heaven his constant keeper be,

And Providence his guide.

Miriam concluded her song, and Mrs. Percival wiped a straggling tear from her cheek, when Horatio, the youngest child, came running with all his speed, and exclaimed—

"O mother! mother! here he comes! here he comes!"

"Who comes, my dear?" asked Mrs. Percival!

"Why Paul, to be sure," replied the boy, panting for breath, which his haste and joy had almost stopped.

"Ah, my dear Horatio," sighed Mrs. Percival, "we shall never see poor dear Paul any more in this world."

"Oh yes we shall, though, my dear mother,"

persisted Horatio, "for I saw him jump over the stile at the bottom of the lane yonder, as he used to do before he went to sea, and so I ran to tell you."

"You are mistaken, my dear," returned Mrs. Percival.

"Am I though, mother?" observed the delighted boy: "see there!" he continued, archly pointing his little finger toward the garden-gate; "am I mistaken?"

It was indeed Paul, the returned exile. He waited not to open the wicket, but crossing it with as much agility as one of the Greenland deer which he had hunted, he flew up the pathway, and throwing his arms round his parent's neck exclaimed—

"Mother! mother! *your blessing has saved me.*"

"Oh my boy, my dear, dear boy!" responded Mrs. Percival, as she sank into the chair from which she had partly risen, "do I again behold you?"

"Yes, dear mother," replied Paul, returning the fond embrace, "and safe and sound too: only see how I have grown," he added, stretching himself to his full height before his delighted parent.

The whole family crowded round the returned one, and each gave and received a hearty and affectionate embrace.

"There now, mother," cried little Horatio, "didn't I tell you the truth? I was certain sure I could n't be mistaken in our Paul, although he has grown so big. I should know his jump from any boy's in the place. Do tell me now, Paul," he added, "all about what you have seen, and where you have been. Oh, I do so long to hear all about the bears, and the whales, and the elephants, and the lions!"

"I hav'n't seen any elephants or lions, Horatio," replied Paul; "they don't visit where I have been."

"Don't they, though," returned Horatio, with great surprise and disappointment; "why they are foreign beasts, are they not?"

"They are, my child," observed Mrs. Percival, "but they inhabit other parts of the world than that where Paul has been: he has visited a cold, and they live in hot climates. But I dare say your dear brother is fatigued to-night, we will therefore excuse him until to-morrow, from telling us about his voyage and travels, and sufferings; we must now go and provide him some refreshment, for no doubt he needs it much."

The whole party immediately withdrew into the house, and that night was spent by them as no night had been for the last twelve months. Having acknowledged with unfeigned gratitude the kind preserving care and undeserved goodness of the Almighty, they retired to rest.

The news of Paul Percival's return flew with the swiftness of wildfire among dry furze, and by eight o'clock the next morning there was not a man, woman, or child in all the village and vicinity who were not acquainted with it. Some old people, however, insisted upon it that it could not be, and declared they would not believe it, though they saw him with their own eyes. Such a thing, they said, was not possible. For a lad, they argued, to live upon snow a whole year, and to be frozen to a pillar of ice, which they were sure he was, and then to thaw again, such a thing might do for young people, but as for them they had lived too long in the world to be imposed upon.

Such were the sage observations of some of the

ancients of the village; but notwithstanding which the news continued to circulate, and it was very generally believed that a sort of miracle had been wrought, for the sake of Paul and his mother, in the preservation of the exile.

The desire, on the part of Paul's numerous friends and acquaintance, to obtain a sight of him became so great, that his peril from their kind attentions, appeared likely to prove as fatal as the embraces of the bears of Greenland would have been, by preventing him from taking either rest or food. For one entire week his whole time was fully occupied in relating, and re-relating to his inquisitive visitors the wonders he had seen in Greenland.

It was really amusing to hear the crude and singular notions which different persons entertained concerning different things, and the strange and absurd questions which were in consequence proposed to Paul, relative to the land of eternal snow, and its wonders.

One individual wished to know if the color of the snow in Greenland was *green*; another inquired if the bears danced there as they had seen them in England, or if they walked on four legs or two; while some very sagely asked, what was the appearance of the sun, during the months when darkness reigned both day and night! To these, and many other similar questions, Paul returned suitable answers, with great good temper and mildness, rather pitying their want of information than being angry at their ignorance.

After a while the curiosity of the villagers was satisfied, and the questions of those who were more intelligent were replied to, so that by degrees the young adventurer obtained something like quiet, and was allowed to pass through the place like another ordinary person.

Paul now began to revolve in his mind how he could best improve the information he had received through his first, but unsuccessful trip. He felt persuaded that something was yet to be done by a nautical life, although he had once failed. A spirit of persevering enterprise prompted him, and nothing daunted by what he had suffered, he determined to embrace the first opportunity to get afloat again. For the present, however, he prudently withheld his intention from his mother, being well assured that to her the proposal of going to sea again would be particularly painful. He therefore determined to watch a proper time to disclose his intention, and gradually, as circumstances might warrant, break out his plan.

The comfort of his mother and the family he still felt lay near his heart, and his resolution was unchangeably fixed to allow no efforts on his part to be wanting, so that he might see his ardent desire accomplished.

While deliberating quietly in his mind on these things, a circumstance occurred which for a while engaged his attention from its principal purpose, but which ultimately led to its complete realization.

It has already been stated that the sea skirted one side of the village in which Paul resided. This circumstance rendered both the village and the surrounding country to some extent famous for smuggling transactions. Few indeed in the place could be named, who were not, or who at some time or other had not been engaged in the illegal practice. If any one was rich, and some were so, their pos-

session of property might be traced to the same source—*smuggling*.

It was well known that the practice had so far blunted moral feeling, that the most rigid professors of religion practiced as freely in the "free trade," as it was called, as any others: nay, even some of the officers of Christian churches were among the number of those who engaged in the demoralizing traffic. The practice was wrong, as tending to subvert every principle of good government, and at the same time it scattered widely the seeds of disaffection, disorder, and depravity.

It was in this light that Paul had been taught to view it; and now, as he advanced toward manhood, his peril from the temptation on the one hand, and the taunts and threats of the contraband traffickers on the other, was every day becoming more and more serious.

Paul had been some few months at home, during which time he was again employed by his former master, when on one dark and bleak evening in January, an incident occurred to him which gave a new direction to all his purposes.

On what a trivial circumstance often hangs the after events of a whole life, and how unexpectedly do changes take place, which involve in them consequences of the utmost importance! So it now happened to Paul Percival.

The person by whom our hero was employed had long been considered one of the most wealthy men of the place, while in his general dealings all people found him fair and upright. His mill, which was worked by water, was an extensive one, and its roomy appendages, and the secluded place in which it stood, made it a most convenient and safe depôt for a variety of other things beside flour.

There was a something about this individual of a mysterious nature, which no one could explain; indeed he never allowed any person to approach him on terms of close intimacy, except an old man, who had the appearance of a weather-beaten sailor of the roughest sort, who sometimes was seen at the mill and at such times, in close conversation with the miller.

Now it so happened that although Paul's mother was a shrewd and prudent woman, no suspicion had entered her mind about the character of her son's employer. It is more than possible if it had, she would directly have required Paul to have quitted his service, under the fear she would have felt for her son's best interests.

On the evening to which reference has been made, Paul had been sent by his master with a letter a distance of between six and eight miles; which letter he was charged to deliver with the utmost punctuality to the old man whom a week before he had seen at his master's house. The place to which he was directed was the most lonely known on that part of the coast. So lonely was it, indeed, that few persons were ever known to go there by choice even by daylight, and never after night-fall. Idle reports had made it the resort of evil spirits, and in this the reporters were not wrong; they were not, however, of the kind the simple among the villagers supposed.

Paul had often heard these tales, but he scorned—having been a sailor, and after spending a year at Greenland—to shrink from any task assigned him, through fear. Besides which, he was too well instructed to be frightened by foolish ghost-

stories; and as he had to meet old Rough-and-ready, as the man was called, he saw no reason why he should entertain any fear concerning man; and so reasoning, off he set toward the Bay of Rocks.

The day had closed a full hour when he started, and, as we before said, it was a dark and bleak evening; not a single star twinkled in the heavens, nor a ray of light cheered any part of the sky. The wind was strong and keen; it stung and bit every exposed part of the body. The snow, too, fell, heavily, and had done so for hours. But Paul pushed on, regardless alike of darkness, wind, and snow; he had a trust reposed in him, and although he was entirely ignorant of its character, he rejected with disdain the thought of giving it up.

For two full hours Paul had continued to buffet with the storm, and still he progressed, notwithstanding every pathway was entirely covered with snow, and the greatest danger existed in losing his way. Already he had reached within half a mile of the appointed place, and was indulging in the pleasing idea of soon completing his task, when a quantity of snow suddenly gave way beneath his feet, and in an instant he felt himself falling he knew not where. He continued to bound from rock to rock until he reached the bottom. As he fell, he cried aloud for help, but his cries were useless; the wind and the roaring of the waves drowned his voice, and at length, stunned by his fall, he lay half buried in snow, in a state of entire unconsciousness, at the base of the cliff.

How long he remained in that state, he had no means of judging; but when he came to his senses, he was surprised to find himself in a large apartment, the walls of which were ornamented with cutlasses, pistols, and dark lanterns, while several men of rough exterior stood round him, as if watching for his return to life.

It was not a great while, however, that he was permitted to remain in ignorance of his situation. The fact is, he had been discovered by an officer of the Preventive service while going his rounds, lying at the foot of the rocks on the sea-shore, by whom, on obtaining assistance, he was conveyed to their nearest station, with the design of bringing him to, and ascertaining who he was, and where he was going. They had searched his person for papers, but found none. In the lining of his hat, however, which was at some distance from him, the letter for old Rough-and-ready was discovered carefully concealed. The name and profession of this person they well knew, and judging that some useful information might be obtained from its contents, they took the liberty to break the seal, and soon learned that a cargo of hollands and cordials would come over from Sluys that night which old Rough-and-ready was to convey with care and dispatch to the mill belonging to his master.

"So-ho, my young cock-bird!" cried one of the Preventive men, as Paul opened his eyes and looked wildly round him; "hope your sound nap has refreshed you."

"Where am I?" asked Paul, without attending to the taunt of the Service man.

"Oh, you are in good hands, never fear," was the reply; "you couldn't have got into better. You have begun the game rather early, though, eh?" he continued.

"I don't know what you mean," replied Paul, in unassumed innocence.

"Of course you don't," rejoined the man, "but you know old Rough-and-ready, I s'pose, don't you?"

"Old Rough-and-ready?" echoed Paul, suddenly recollecting the letter he had to deliver; "yes, I do know him," he continued, "that is, I know him by name, no further."

"Of course not," chimed in the man, "only by name; I should think not—over the left! Have you happened to see that gentleman lately, eh?"

"I have not;" replied Paul, "but I am now going to him."

"Are you so;" observed the Preventive man, "now that's fortunate, as I wish to see him."

"That is," said Paul, "I *was* going;" and as he so said, he commenced a search after the letter.

"Oh, you *was* going, was you?" repeated the man; "and I s'pose you are feeling after a piece of paper, arn't you?"

"I am searching after a letter," replied Paul; "do you know anything of it?"

"Why, to be sure I do;" returned the official, "you needn't trouble yourself consarning it. It's quite safe, I assures you;" so saying, he took it from his pocket and held it up.

"I am obliged to you for taking care of it," said Paul, and put out his hand to take it.

"Not quite so fast, my yonker," said the man, drawing it back; "this must be shown to somebody else, I guess. Only make yourself comfortable for a few moments, and I'll return to you." With this intimation he left the apartment, while Paul, bewildered by what he had heard and saw, and still surrounded by several rude-looking personages, sat musing on the strangeness of his situation.

According to promise, the man of the Force soon returned, and Paul was conducted by him into another room, where, roasting before a good fire, with a glass of grog on the table and a cigar in his mouth, lounged at his length the lieutenant of that section of the Preventive.

"Well, my fine fellow," he commenced, as Paul appeared before him, "you are going to meet old Rough-and-ready, are you?"

"Yes, sir," replied Paul, making a respectful bow to the man in authority.

"Ah, I suppose so. How many men has he with him to-night, eh?"

"I do not know, sir," returned Paul; "I was not aware he had any."

"Indeed!" cried the smoker incredulously; "don't know, eh? well, no matter, we shall be a match for him, I dare say. You know the way to the place named in the letter, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, sir," replied Paul, "I could go there blindfolded, if I had not lost my way in the snow."

"Dare say you could," returned the officer. "Well, now, for fear you should miss your way again, I shall send two or three of my men with you."

"Thank you, sir," said Paul, mistaking the purpose of his kindness.

"And, mind you," continued the lieutenant, "if you dare make any noise, or give any intimation concerning your attendants to old Rough-and-ready and his fellows, I have ordered one of my men to shoot you through the head instantly."

With this kind intimation, and before Paul had

recovered from his astonishment so as to reply, the officer waved his hand, and in the twinkling of an eye he was led away from the august presence.

The sequel of this adventure was far from pleasant, either to Paul or any of those actually concerned in the smuggling transaction. Old Rough-and-ready and his associates were captured, after a short resistance; the miller's storehouses were searched, and a good booty fell into the hands of the officers, while Paul and his master, in company with old Rough-and-ready and his men, were cast into prison on the serious charge of defrauding the revenue, and attempting to murder certain of his majesty's officers.

After a long time, Paul's innocence was proved, while those who had nearly entrapped him in their snare were transported beyond the seas.

Once more Paul returned to his mother's residence, by whom he was received with all the rapture of a fond parent, persuaded as she was that he was guiltless of the crime with which he had been charged.

But, alas! mere innocence, when self-interest and prejudice set themselves in array against it, avails little. So far as internal satisfaction goes, however, is every thing. Popular opinion once received against a person, neither excellence of character or former integrity can save such from obloquy and ruin, or from insult and scorn.

Too soon, alas! Paul found it so by experience. He had been acquitted by a jury of his country from the charge, which, it proved, would have stained his character, and deprived him of his liberty; but a weightier charge, in the judgment of interested persons, was prepared against him. The very persons who hailed his return from Greenland with delight now became his bitterest foes. He was viewed as traitor to the cause which they espoused, and through him, it was declared, the free trade had received such a blow in that place it would never recover. His life became endangered. All persons seemed to hate him, and he was once more obliged to leave his native village, and, shortly after, the land of his birth. This latter fact Paul did not regret; it rather afforded him pleasure, as he now could, without giving pain to his mother, follow the desires of his heart, in the full hope of returning one day with a retrieved character among his native villagers, and a competency, it might be, for the support and comfort of his widowed parent, and beloved brothers and sisters. Under this impression, he bade farewell to all that was dear to him on earth, and engaging on board a fine ship which was bound for the East, he more embarked on the wide, wide sea.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PRISONER IN A CHURCH.

[Sketch, from a late Journal of a Tour in Ireland.]

The last place where we changed horses on our journey was Bruff. There is nothing very remarkable in the appearance of the little town; but I looked out with great anxiety for the church, a building connected with one of the most interesting facts I have met with in Ireland.

It happened that a little boy was inadvertently locked up in the church at Bruff, two Sundays ago; he had fallen asleep during the evening service, among the school children, and was not missed by the schoolmaster. He was "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow," and a very poor widow indeed, whose only remaining earthly comfort was this dear child. She searched for him in despair throughout the whole country, and was assisted by her neighbors, but no one thought of looking in the church.

Day after day passed on, yet no tidings were heard of little Johnny; and great were the lamentations and the tears that were mingled with those of the poor widow; for every one loved the child. Thursday passed, and brought no intelligence of the boy; and when Friday arrived, the mother gave up all hope of ever seeing her son again in this world. She had been inured to grief, but this was the heaviest blow of all. This last and best-loved child, was adored with all the veins of her heart, and it was with the consciousness that all her hopes, all her joys, were gone for ever, that she closed the door of her miserable cabin on Friday evening.

The widow sat by her lonely hearth; the spinning wheel stood near, but her usually busy hands were now pressed against her aching head. Tears ceased to relieve her wo, and her aching eye rested in hopeless agony upon the little bench where her darling was wont to sit. The wind whistled mournfully without, and the rain beat against the door; she smiled bitterly, for the raging elements seemed to sympathize with her wo.

But this lone widow had read the word of God. On her humble dresser, which in days long past had been well filled with crockery, but which now contained only a few wooden piggins, one treasure still remained. Amidst the tempest's roar she heard a still small voice speaking peace to her stricken heart, and with a look of hope she moved towards the dresser, and took down a well-worn Bible. She opened it, and her eye fell on these words—

"Jesus said, suffer little children, and forbid them not to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Then the widow's eyes became illumined with an expression of heavenly joy; for though the little bench opposite was empty, and although she knew the beloved one who sat there would never gladden her hearth again, yet by faith she

could behold him radiant in glory, clad in white robes, "for of such is the kingdom of heaven." That one text fired the train of her well stored memory; a thousand consoling passages and incidents of Scripture crowded upon her mind; she thought of Abraham, who willingly gave up his only child when commanded by God; and above all, of the great Creator himself, who gave his well-beloved son to die for the sins of mankind—that Son who has redeemed the souls of her loved and departed ones, and who she trusts has received and is now looking kindly on the last and most beloved of her earthly treasures.

The poor woman's entranced ear seemed to hear the voice of her child, mingled with the midnight blast. "Mother, mother!" it seemed to say. Yes, it was certainly his voice—could she mistake it—that dearest of all sounds? She started up—she listened breathlessly—'twas the voice of her son—his spirit had come to visit and console her. Again and more faintly it sounded, dying away on the blast with a wailing tone. She rushed to the door, and who can tell her delight when she clasped her own living boy to her bosom! It was her own Johnny, but, oh! how pale and thin!—and he had no sooner crossed the threshold than he fainted away in her arms. "Oh! my God!" exclaimed the widow, as she gazed in agony on his insensible form; "my God, don't take him from me now that I have seen his face once more!" The prayer was heard—the child recovered, and though exhausted and nearly half dead, was in a few days restored to his former health.

When he was strong enough he gave the following account of himself.

"It was all my own fault for falling asleep in the house of God; and if I hadn't gone against mother, and went to play with Larry before church, it would never have happened, 'twas all on the count of that. I was too tired to attend the service; for before good Mr. M. got half through his sermon I was fast asleep.

"When I woke it was all dark, and I didn't know where I was, till I felt the cold tomb stones under my feet, and the figure of death that's upon the old monument. I thought 'sure I'm either dead or buried alive, and so there's an end o' me; and I felt so frightened and cold that I began to cry, and fell asleep again. When I woke the next time, the warm sun was shining on me through the big window, and I felt quite happy, for I saw what had happened. I shouted and called as loud as I could, but no one heard me; and I tried to get out, but all the doors were locked. I didn't mind it so much though, and thinks I, if no one comes to me afore, sure I'll be let out next Sunday, without fail, when the people comes to church; so all that day I was quite easy in my mind, and I read my prayers and some of the Psalms and Gospels I had in my prayer book. But when the dark night came again, I began to be frightened, and I was getting hungry and thirsty too; and the tombstones looked so frightful, and I thought of all old Molly used to be telling about ghosts, and things; and I longed to get out of the church.

"I climbed up to the lowest window and looked out; the green grass was just under me, not four feet down. Oh! how I wished to break just one little pane of glass, and squeeze out, and slide down into the church-yard, and run home to dear mother; but Mr. M. will be angry, thought I, and if he sees the glass broke, may be he'd make mother pay for it—where in the world would she get the money? Sure she can hardly scrape together as much as will buy the praties, and flax for her spinning is dear; so I'll just stay quiet and comfortable where I am till next Sunday, plaze God, and I'll kneel down night and morning, and ask him to take care of me, and keep me from harm.

"Well, with that I fell asleep again, and didn't wake till morning; but there was no sun

shining, and I felt as weak as water, and trembling with the cold. I called out as loud as I could all that day, in hopes some one would hear me; but night came again, and then I thought I was going truly to die. I dreamed I was in such a beautiful place, with my father, and little sister that died last year, but I soon woke; and there was a sort of blue dim light all over the place. I saw the monuments and the tombstones looking more frightful than ever, and I couldn't help crying I felt so lonesome; but I prayed again to God, and then I felt safe. Well, then I believe another day and night past, and no one came.

"I don't know how long after this it was that I began to think what mother would say if she found me dead when she came to church, and stretched on the cold tombs. I cried like rain at this, for I remembered how bitterly she sobbed when little sister died last winter, and I thought I saw her cry now over me, and I felt her big tears drop on my cheeks. In truth they were real tears too that was there; I was not dreaming, for I felt them scalding hot to my hand, and I heard her sob too.

"I crept near the window, for the church looked darker and more dismal than ever. The wind howled, and the rain beat outside, and I heard all sorts of noises in the church, like groans and sobbing. I groped about for the panes of glass, and 'twas then the thought first came across me, that may be mother could manage to pay for the glass if she worked very hard at the spinning wheel and knitting; and Mr. M. wouldn't be so very angry after all. Sure she paid for little sister's coffin herself, though Mr. M. offered to give her one; and she'd have to work hard for mine too; and so I thought may be the glass wouldn't cost as much as the coffin would, if I stayed to die there; and besides, then she would have me alive to do for her when I'd come to be a man. All these thoughts came into my mind, and at last, after thinking and thinking, I run my knee through the big pane I fell down like dead on the grass outside, after I done it. I was so weak and numbed entirely.

"Oh! 'twas then I was sad in real earnest, for I thought I was going to die before I see my dear mother, an' that I had broke the glass all to smiddereens that way for nothing at all at all. But the Lord be praised, I heard the sound of the stream running over the pebbles at the end of the grave-yard; and the thirst was burning me so, I thought if I could but drag myself to the water and get a drink, I'd be able to walk home.

"I crawled all along on the ground like a wounded wren. The Lord in his goodness gave me strength to drink, and my heart revived. I could stand on my feet, and move them too, though it seemed as if a heavy stone was tied to the both of them, and the time seemed longer than even a whole day and night in the church, before I could reach mother's cabin. At last, I saw the light through her door, and called out, but I don't know what came of me afterwards; every thing seemed to turn round, and then grow dark afore my eyes; but I felt soon I was in my own dear mother's arms, and fell asleep there; when I opened my eyes, the bright sun was shining on mother's face, and she was leaning over our own bed and looking on me; sure that morning we were both in heaven."

"Yes," replied her sister, "it rains almost all the time now, I think. Whenever we are invited to go out and spend the day, it begins to rain—or if we get ready to ride, down pours the rain—or if any of our little friends are coming to see us, up comes a dark cloud, and though I keep hoping it will move itself off as pretty white clouds do, and though I try to think the sun will shine presently, it grows darker and darker, till the little drops begin to patter on the window. Oh, dear! how it keeps on raining. I wish it would stop."

"For shame, Lucy," said her mother, "to be so discontented and complaining. Why are you so dissatisfied with the weather? You have a comfortable dwelling to shelter you—every thing about your house is pleasant—and you have a dear little sister to be your companion and playmate. Why need the rain distress you?"

"Oh, mother, I don't exactly know why; but I get tired of looking at it and hearing it; and besides I do not see why it need rain so much. If it just sprinkled enough to refresh the plants and water them like a great watering pot, it would be very nice."

"Don't you think, Lucy, you could regulate it exactly right if you had charge of the rain department?" said her mother. You must think that He

Who bids the clouds with *plenteous* rain
Refresh the thirsty earth again,

does it not in the best manner, or you would not find fault. You do not regard this subject as St. Paul did, who declares it was one of the means made use of by God as a witness to testify to his wisdom and kindness,—“in that he did good and gave us rain from heaven and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness.” Acts xiv. 17.”

Then Mrs. Lane told Lucy to get her Bible and look out some passages of Scripture which she would name to her, and which she said she thought she would find more profitable than to look out of the window and complain about the weather.

Lucy got her Bible as her mother desired, and Bell stood near to listen. The first passage she read was as follows:

“The Lord shall open unto thee his *good treasure*, the heaven to give the rain unto thy land in his season, and to bless all the work of thy hand.” Deut. xxviii. 12.

Mrs. Lane then told Lucy to turn to the 65th Psalm, and to read from the 9th verse to the close of the Psalm, which she did in these words:

“Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it: thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water; thou preparest them corn, when thou hast so provided for it. Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly; thou settlest the furrows thereof; thou makest it soft with showers; thou blessest the springing thereof. Thou crownest the year with thy goodness, and thy paths drop fatness. They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness; and the little hills rejoice on every side. The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing.”

Mrs. Lane then told Lucy about the land of Judea; how highly prized rain was there—and how a spring or well of water was considered one of the greatest treasures; and that having but few rivers or streams, and not as frequent rains as we have, they were often reduced to great suffering for necessary drink for man and beast; and that sometimes, in consequence of drought, the ground became so dry that the crops all failed, and a famine ensued.

Lucy listened attentively to all her mother told her and then said: “Well, dear mother, will you tell me what makes the rain, and how it is kept up in the clouds?”

“Yes, my child,” said her mother, “I will tell you to-morrow morning. See, we are going to have a clear sunset after all, and in the morning I will show you how clouds are formed.”

The next morning the sun rose bright, and Mrs. Lane called the children early and told them to dress quickly and look out of the window. They were not long in doing as she desired. “Oh!” said Isabel, look, sister, look what a thick fog covers the lake.”

“Yes,” said Lucy, “and see how it moves along. There is part of it going off—it is rising; oh how it sails upward; and see, it looks very much like what the clouds are made of.”

“No wonder it should, my child,” said Mrs. Lane, “for it is a real cloud, and this is the way clouds are formed.”

“Why, mother,” said Lucy, “I thought they were something like wool soaked full of water, and that when the wind moved them about one way and another they were pressed so closely together that the rain poured out.”

“I’m not surprised you had such an idea,” replied her mother, “it is not at all an unnatural one for a little child. They have so much the appearance of wool that they are sometimes called ‘the fleecy clouds.’ Now look at the little cloud how high it has risen; and there are other portions following, some of which are of a darker hue than others.”

“Yes,” said Isabel, “there’s a piece of fog going to make another cloud.”

“The more proper name for it is vapor, my dear. Did you never notice the vapor or steam that rises from the spout of the tea-kettle?”

“Oh, yes, mother, very often.”

“Well, this is occasioned by the water becoming heated. Just so when the sun warms the water in the oceans, rivers and streams; it causes it to rise and make the clouds we see in the air. This vapor is constantly rising from the lakes, seas, and other collections of water when the sun shines, and also from the ground when it is moist. It is rising when you do not perceive it as you do now. As soon as the sun sets, that which was rising begins to descend, and this is what is called dew, which only falls in the evening, for what is called the morning dew is that which falls in the evening and remains on the surface of the ground all night. It was by means of dew that the ground was refreshed when first it was clothed with grass, and plants and herbs, for it is said ‘the Lord God had not caused it to rain upon the earth,—but there

NARRATIVE.

THE RAINY DAY.

Late in the afternoon of a rainy day, Lucy and her sister stood at the window watching the rain as it poured steadily down, noticing the bits of sticks that floated along the swollen gutters, and pitying those persons who, either with or without umbrellas, were hurrying along the streets.

“Oh,” said Lucy, “how it does rain, rain, rain. I should think all the water would be poured out of the sky, and that there would be none left for next time.”

“Oh,” said little Bell, “there must always be a great deal up there; because it has rained a great many times.”

went up a *mist* from the earth, and watered the whole face of the ground." Gen. ii. 5, 6. This mist was what we usually call dew when it descends."

"Why, mother," said Lucy, "I always thought the dew was a little tiny shower, which fell every evening and morning."

"You may perhaps properly call it a shower, but as I said, it falls only in the evening. As soon as the sun ceases to shine on the oceans, lakes, and rivers, the vapor ceases to rise because it is no longer heated, and a part of that which was in the air rising up to form clouds descends as dew, which in winter is called frost. You can perceive it on a cold morning when there is no snow on the ground. It gives a white appearance to the blades of grass."

"And what becomes of that which goes up to make clouds?"

"When they become heavy with water they descend, in rain in summer, or snow in winter. The rain which falls upon the hills and mountains, running down their sides first form little rivulets, then joining together make larger streams, which pour their waters into the lakes, seas, and oceans, and again ascend in vapor. Now see, my child," continued Mrs. Lane, "in what a beautiful manner God waters and fertilizes the earth. If the vapors should cease to rise, we should have brooks and streams but for a very short time, for they would all run into the great oceans, and leave the channels dry. Sometimes I have seen the channel of a small brook entirely dry during the summer; so it would be with all the rivers, great and small; and we should have no water in our wells, for if the vapor should cease to rise, there could be no rain to soak into the ground and feed the springs which supply our wells of water—these would also become dry; and all the plants and grain and grass would wither and die, and the earth itself would be baked hard by the sun, and there would be great cracks in it, and neither man or beast could live. Now, Lucy, do you not think we should be grateful to God who covereth the heaven with clouds, and who prepareth rain for the earth: Psa. cxlvii. 8; and who promised rain, as a great blessing, for he says to the Jews, 'If ye shall hearken diligently unto my commandments which I command you this day, to love the Lord your God, and to serve him with all your heart, and with all your soul, that I will give you the rain of your land in his due season, the first rain and the latter rain, that thou mayest gather in thy corn, and thy wine, and thine oil; and I will send grass in thy fields for thy cattle, that thou mayest eat and be full.' Deut. xi. 13, 14, 15."

"Oh, yes, mother," said Lucy, "I did not know what a dreadful thing it is to be without rain."

"Though God usually maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust, (Matt. v. 45,) yet he threatens to 'shut up the heavens, that there be no rain, and that the land yield not her fruit,' Deut. xi. 17, as a punishment if his people forsake his law; and there is an account in the Bible when this threatening was fulfilled, and God withheld the rain for the space of three years and six months, as a punishment on the Israelites for their wickedness.

"At this time, Ahab was king over Israel, and it is said to him, that 'he did evil in the sight of the Lord above all that were before him,' and that 'he did more to provoke the Lord God of Israel to anger, than all the kings of Israel that were before him.' 1 Kings, xvi. 30, 33.

"Elijah, who was at this time chief of the prophets, said of Ahab, 'as the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these years, but according to my word.' 1 Kings, xvii. 1. In a short time the grass began to look brown—the trees withered—the wells failed—the channels of the rivers be-

came dry—the crops perished, and there was great distress throughout the land. So much was this the case, that Ahab the king said, 'Go into the land, unto all fountains of water, and unto all brooks; peradventure we may find grass to save the horses and mules alive, that we lose not all the beasts,' (1 Kings, xviii. 5;) and it was not until the people, who had turned to the worship of idols, were assembled together at Mount Carmel, by the command of Elijah, to witness a mighty miracle, that by a public acknowledgment of Jehovah as their God this severe punishment was removed. For when the people saw how unable their idol god was to help them, though earnestly entreated—and how, when Elijah prayed, 'Hear me, O Lord, hear me; that this people may know that thou art the Lord God, and that thou hast turned their heart back again,'—the Lord manifested his willingness to hear and his power to act; 'they fell on their faces; and they said, The Lord he is God, the Lord he is God.' Then Elijah said unto Ahab, 'Get thee up, eat and drink; for there is a sound of abundance of rain;' and accordingly we are told 'that the heaven was black with clouds and wind, and there was a great rain.' This interesting account you will find in 1 Kings xviii.

"And now, my dear little Lucy," said her mother, "what do you think about the propriety of finding fault about the rain."

"Oh, mother, I never shall do so again. I shall always think about these things you have been explaining to me, which I did not know before; and whenever I see the rain, I shall remember the beautiful verses from the Bible I have been reading, and think of the goodness of God in watering the ground."—*S. S. Journal.*

The Curiosity Cabinet.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

THE ROYAL PREACHER.

'Who ever heard of a king preaching?' said I to my 'good aunt,' as she began to repeat what a 'royal preacher' had said, when I was asking for some new 'gew-gaws' to wear to a 'soiree' the next evening.

'I, my neice, have read in his 'sermons,' 'Vanity of vanities, all is vanity'—'the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear with hearing'—for 'I got me men-singers and women-singers, and the delights of all sorts of men, as musical instruments,' and 'whatsoever mine eye desired, I kept not from them'—'I withheld not my heart from any joy,' 'and behold

all is vanity and vexation of spirit.'—
 'Then I turned myself to behold wisdom and folly.' 'Then I saw that wisdom excelleth, as far as light excelleth darkness.' 'God hath made everything beautiful in his season.' And doth not the poet say, 'Beauty when unadorned, is adorned the most?' But the preacher continues, 'A good name is better than precious ointment,' and the price of a virtuous woman is far above rubies.'

'Yes, Mary, he says, 'Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say I have no pleasure in them.' 'Get wisdom, get understanding.' 'Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom, and with all thy acquirements, get understanding.' 'She shall give to thy head an ornament of grace.'

'This king was rich, and travelled over the whole earth to gain this knowledge,' said I, yet unsubdued.

'Whether he did or not, we may profit by his sayings—may be made wise, good and happy, prepared to meet 'our God' at the hour of death in peace—that peace which passeth all understanding,' replied my aunt meekly.

'But 'let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter.'

'Fear God and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man.' 'For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil.'

I retired, but sleep had fled from my eyes; and while anxiously wishing to know 'what to do to be saved,' a voice seemed to say, 'Surrender all,'

'Thou'lt nothing lack,
 But say, 'I'm full!'

And I trust I seek not now,

'With eagerness, as others seek in vain,
 The phantom, happiness.'

Truely,

'There's nothing true but heaven.'

F.

MORALITY.

THE SLEIGH RIDE, OR TWO WAYS OF TELLING A STORY.

Young persons are sometimes, from mere thoughtlessness, guilty of conduct, which, if they stopped to reflect, they would see to be wrong. When they treat the aged with incivility, such conduct appears especially unamiable. The hoary head should be respected, wherever it is found; and neither poverty and rags, nor the vices of the individuals, are any apology for making him the subject of sport and ridicule.

In one of the most populous towns of New England, a short time since, a party of lads, all members of the same school, got up a grand sleigh-ride. There were about twenty-five or thirty boys engaged in the frolic. The sleigh was a very large and splendid *establishment*, drawn by six gray horses. The afternoon was as beautiful as any body could desire.

On the following day the story of the ride became, of course, a subject of interest, and in the recess, which is usually given during school time, the instructor of the school inquired of the boys as they clustered around the stove in the school-room, about their excursion. One of them gave a narrative of the whole affair.

As he drew near the end of his story, he exclaimed, "O, sir, there was one little circumstance which I had almost forgotten to tell you. Toward the latter part of the afternoon, as we were coming home, we saw at some distance ahead of us, a queer-looking affair in the road. We could not exactly make out what it was. It seemed to be a something of the monstrous kind, half sleigh and half wagon. As we approached it, it proved to be a rusty old sleigh fastened behind a covered wagon, proceeding at a very slow rate, and taking up the whole road.

"Finding that the owner was not disposed to turn, we determined upon a volley of snow balls and a good hurrah. These were soon sent and produced the desired effect, and a little more. The wagon turned out, and the horses began to run. As we rushed by, some one who had the whip, gave the old jilt of a horse a good crack, which made him run faster.

"With that, an *old fellow* in the wagon, who was buried up under an old hat, and beneath a rusty cloak, and who had dropped the reins, bawled out, "Why do you frighten my horse?" "Why don't you turn out then?" says the driver. So we gave him three rousing cheers more; his horse was frightened again, and ran up against a loaded team, and I believe almost capsized the old creature—and so we left him."

"Well, boys," replied the teacher, "this story sounds well for your civility and kindness to some aged stranger, at any rate. But take your seats, and I will tell *you* a story." When they had resumed their seat he proceeded—"Yesterday afternoon a very venerable and respectable

old man, and a clergyman by profession, was on his way from Boston to —, to pass the residue of the winter at the house of his son.

"That he might be prepared for journeying, as he proposed to do, in the spring, he took with him his light wagon, and for the winter his sleigh, which he fastened behind the wagon. He was just as I have told you, very old and infirm; his temples were covered with thinned locks, which the frosts of eighty years had whitened; his sight, and hearing too, were somewhat blunted by age, as yours will be.

"As he was proceeding slowly and quietly along, almost forgetting himself in the midst of his thoughts, he was suddenly disturbed, and even terrified, by a loud and repeated clattering upon the top of his covered wagon. In his trepidation, he dropped his reins, and as his aged and feeble hands were quite benumbed with cold, he found it impossible to gather them up, and his horse began to run away.

"In the midst of the old man's trouble, there rushed by him, with loud shouts, a large party of boys, in a sleigh, drawn by six horses—"Turn out, turn out, old fellow—give us the road, old boy." "Pray, do not frighten my horse," exclaimed the infirm driver. "Turn out, then, turn out," was the answer which was followed by repeated cracks and blows from the long whip of the "grand sleigh," and three tremendous huzzas from the boys who were in it.

"The terror of the old man and his horse was increased, and the latter ran away with him, to the imminent danger of his life. He contrived, however, after some exertion, to secure his reins, which had been out of his hands during the whole of the affray, and to stop his horse just in season to prevent his being dashed against a loaded team.

"As he approached —, he overtook a young man who was walking toward the same place, and whom he invited to ride. The young man alluded to the "grand sleigh," which had just passed, which induced the old gentleman to inquire if he knew who the boys were. He replied that he did—that they all belonged to one school, namely, that of Mr. —. "Ah!" exclaimed the former, with a hearty laugh, "do they, indeed? their master is my son, at whose house I shall be in a few minutes, and to whom I shall tell the whole story."

"That son, boys, is your instructor, and that aged, and infirm old man, that "*old fellow, and old boy,*" (who did not turn out for you, but who would have gladly given you the whole road, had he heard your approach,) that "old boy," was *your teacher's father.*"

It is not easy to imagine the effect produced by this new translation of the boy's own narrative. Apologies, regrets and acknowledgments without end, were offered immediately to the instructor, who, of course, forgave all, cautioning his pupils, however, to be more civil for the future to inoffensive travellers.—*Juvenile Rambler.*

THE STOLEN BOY.

A TRUE STORY.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

ABOUT seven or eight years ago, Don Manuel del Perez, a Spanish merchant, brought his family from Europe to settle at the town of San Antonio, in Texas; which my young readers who consult their maps will find to be a country adjoining Louisiana, on the coast of the gulf of Mexico. The family consisted of Don Manuel and his amiable wife, a son in his ninth year; a daughter about seven, and a babe of a few weeks old.

Little Manuel was a sensible, good-tempered, lively boy; who, after the confinement of a sea voyage, naturally looked with great delight on all which the New World around him presented. Nothing he saw, however, struck him so forcibly as a body of friendly Indians, who came to San Antonio to sell skins and buy blankets; and he eagerly inquired of his father, who those strange people were.

"They are the original inhabitants of this country," was the reply; "and call themselves, very aptly, 'red men,' as they are all (like these) a kind of copper color."

"And are they all nearly naked and painted?"

"Yes, my dear; in these particulars they all resemble each other, and there is, in fact, little difference in any of their manners or customs. They are divided into tribes or nations; none of which are populous, for they are engaged in almost continual warfare with each other. With us, at present, these people, and another tribe called Caddoes, are at peace; but the Alonquas, who are cannibals, and the Camanches, another barbarous tribe who always travel on horseback, are at enmity with us; and their visits to the settlement are sometimes productive of considerable mischief."

"They are very grave men—I hope they are good ones, father?"

"They have some good properties, my dear; but are so addicted to their opinions and customs, that, with great power of reflection, they are yet obstinately averse to improvement. They are often treacherous—always revengeful—and, from system, practice the most extraordinary cruelties toward each other, when prisoners of war. They have great acuteness—much personal prowess—and possess the senses of sight and hearing in greater perfection than any other human beings. You have my permission to associate with their children, if you like such dull companions; by which means, you will be enabled to learn more of them than I can inform you."

Thankful for this permission, Manuel was not long in forming as close an acquaintance with the Indians of his own age, as the habits of their silent and thinking parents permitted. He gained a sufficient knowledge of their language to make himself understood among them—learned the use of the bow—practised the war-dance—and amused his little sister with details of hunting expeditions, as he heard them from the red men. When the tribe was withdrawn, the enthusiasm of the boy declined; other objects of interest occupied their place, and his friends, the Indians, appeared to have been forgotten.

During this time, Don Manuel had succeeded in obtaining a large house in the neighborhood of San

Antonio, in which he placed a numerous establishment, and so managed his arrangements as to give a handsome entertainment to his new friends on the day when his beloved son was nine years old. On this occasion, the splendor and elegance of Europe were blended with the profuse hospitality of America; and the entertainment was extended far into the early hours of the ensuing morning. In consequence of the fatigues attendant on the past pleasures, the weather also happening to be warm, the servants were languid and sleepy, and even Manuel himself, usually the most lively person on the premises, felt inert and weary, and owned, "that it was a very good thing that birth-days came only once a year." In order to rouse himself the more effectually (his parents being still in the enjoyment of their siesta,) about seven in the evening he took a turn on the terrace, and afterward went to the stable to see his mule, which was a very handsome one, and a great favorite.

Just as he was speaking to the servant employed there, and patting the sleek sides of the pampered animal, they were both startled by a singular sound, neither resembling the cry of a wild beast, nor the voice of a man. The servant was an European; but he had heard the war-shout of the Indians described, and he declared, with every mark of terror, that, "in his opinion, the Camanches were coming."

"Then we must run into the house, alarm the servants, get the arms, and"—

Poor Manuel's speech was cut short by the two doors of the stable being, at that very moment, throw open, and a number of fierce looking Indians suddenly rushing in. Two of them immediately seized on Diego, the servant, and carried him out by force, while poor Manuel sought to slip past them and escape; but in another instant he found his own arms pinioned, and he began eagerly to recollect all the words he had learned of the Indian language by which it was possible to move their compassion, especially addressing those who were nearest to him. Not one of them listened, or replied to the unhappy boy; and, from their stern looks, he concluded every moment that he should be killed on the spot. Some hope, however, mingled with his despair; he believed that the noise made by the savages would have alarmed the household, which, owing to the late *fete*, consisted of more persons than usual; and, as he knew them to be well supplied with fire-arms, it was possible that he might be rescued. In another moment, the sound of fire-arms from without seemed to confirm this hope; but whether the firing proceeded from friend or foe, it acted as a signal for his abduction, as, in spite of his most violent struggles, he was instantly carried out—placed upon a powerful horse, on which an Indian was seated, to whom he was firmly bound—and, in another minute, he was borne away at full gallop, into a country to which he was a perfect stranger, and with a company of barbarous savages, whose appearance and manners realized his ideas of devils.

Still, still his fierce conductor galloped on: they left heaths and morasses behind them; they entered into thick woods, which no pursuer (if there were such) would dare to penetrate; and all hope of relief died in the heart of Manuel. He then felt as if he would have given the whole world to have died himself. He rode in great pain—expected that

at the first place where he stopped he should inevitably be murdered—was convinced that he was far beyond all rescue—and therefore death seemed to be his only refuge. He might, however, at this time, be said to be much too hurried to think at all; for still the horse went on, as if endowed with supernatural speed; and still the savage guided it through the pathless intricacies of a forest, impervious to the light of a full moon, which rode high in the heavens, as if disdaining to illuminate the earth on which such crimes were acting.

At length, they halted at a little open glade, through which a stream of pure water was flowing. The Indian immediately plunged into it, for the refreshment of himself and his wearied beast, utterly regardless of his little prisoner, who was now in a situation in which his mother would have considered such a procedure death to her child. In this miserable condition, Manuel was only removed from the savage to be bound by him to a tree, while by degrees the rest of the party came up, bringing Don Manuel's mules and horses, to one of which was tied the unfortunate Diego.

The prisoners secured (without any regard for their ease, much less comfort,) the savages slept some hours, leaving their cattle to feed on the grass afforded in a beautiful part of the vast wilderness through which they were passing. The refreshment of sleep appeared to suffice for the Camanches, for they took no food on awaking, nor offered their victims any; but pursued their way as before, until they reached the Rio Colorado, one of many rivers which, after traversing a considerable tract of country, falls into the gulf of Mexico. Here they found many of their wives and children, awaiting the return of the party, with light canoes, formed ingeniously of the bark of trees, in which the whole body were ferried over, together with their late booty of mules and prisoners.

It was more than thirty hours since Manuel had tasted food, when the tribe first stopped to take refreshment; and he was almost surprised to find himself eating eagerly of the dried venison and parched maize which they gave him; for since he had passed the river his sense of being utterly lost to his family had necessarily increased. He now became so sleepy, that, although he continued to travel as before for some hours, he was incapable of reflecting on his unhappy condition; and when the party halted for the night, and he was, for the first time, released from his bonds, it made little difference to him, so completely was he exhausted by sorrow and fatigue.

From this time, by much slower movements, they travelled to the banks of the Red River, on which the nation of the Camanches are planted; and which, with new emotions of sorrow and horror, poor Manuel remembered his father mentioning as distant five hundred miles from San Antonio. On reaching the place of their destination, called by the Indians a town, he found it consisted of a sufficient number of huts, or wigwams, to contain about two hundred persons. These habitations were pleasantly shaded by a few trees; but betwixt the town and any of those immense woods, so frequent in America, lay an extensive prairie, or plain, a very small portion of which appeared to be cultivated by the Indian women, for the purpose of raising a little corn for the use of their families.

Just as the party had all assembled in this place,

and while an aged man called Tonnawanta, was welcoming the chief on his return, in a speech of considerable length, the Indians, who pressed eagerly around him, were disturbed by a piercing shriek, which Manuel was too certain proceeded from his fellow-sufferer, Diego. He had just been inwardly comforting himself with the hope that, now they had arrived at the end of their journey, he should have the power, at least, of lamenting his hard fate to his faithful servant, and finding in his pity and kindness some consolation (more especially as they had been studiously kept asunder ever since the fatal moment when they were taken,) when this sound alarmed him. His first idea was (since he was hemmed in by tall men,) that Diego was murdered by one on the outside of the circle: the more so when he saw the contempt expressed in the countenances of those around him, toward the white man, for evincing the nature of his feelings. A short time revealed the truth—Diego, who was with the mules, bringing up the rear, had been bitten by a rattle-snake, and was now writhing in all the agonies consequent on so fatal an accident.

Manuel had been told that the Indians had discovered a cure for the venom of this terrific animal: and, as he heard several of the Camanches lament what had happened, he looked eagerly to their application of something to the wound, especially as he saw they had already killed the snake. So far, however, from experiencing any pity, the wounded man, as he lay on the ground, was repeatedly kicked by them, contemptuously; and when Manuel ran to him, flung his arms around him, and sought to allay the fierceness of his tortures, the children who gathered about them laughed at both in derision; and from their words Manuel learned that the cause of the sorrow expressed, in the first instance, by their fathers, was on account of their disappointment, as they had intended to have tortured poor Diego to death for their amusement, by cutting off his limbs first, and then roasting him before the fire! When, therefore, Manuel saw the last agonies subside, and his humble, faithful friend lie senseless, he felt, for a few minutes, a kind of awful consolation; and kneeling down by him as well as he was able, the poor child commended his parting spirit to his Maker; and, with a flood of tears, thanked God that Diego was at rest from his pains.

He was not long suffered to lament over the swollen body and distorted features of his only friend; in a few moments he was carried into the wigwam of Tastanugga (the beloved man) the chief, who had been his conductor; and there given to understand, that he would be permitted to live until some one more worthy of being a victim should arrive, that they might be sacrificed together. This strange and melancholy condition of existence, together with the terrible death he had witnessed so lately, awoke the most agonizing grief; but he struggled to the utmost to suppress it. He was well aware of the contempt of the Indians for every expression of natural sorrow, and he would not increase it by showing what he felt; nevertheless, his utmost efforts could not rouse him to further exertion—he sat down on the ground, pale, and stupified by grief and despair.

The wigwam of Tastanugga was well furnished with mats and bowls, and well stored with provisions.

His wife, Muscagee, was, like himself, handsome and active: they had two children only—the one a boy, somewhat younger than Manuel, but taller and stronger than he was; the other, a child scarcely two years old, on whom both parents lavished a tenderness apparently foreign to their nature. For two days they took no notice of Manuel, beyond giving him a portion of hominy, which is food made of corn boiled till it becomes a jelly. On the third day, his strength being recruited, his grief abated by the very violence with which he had suffered, and the natural buoyancy of spirit belonging to his age returning, he began to notice, with an appearance of interest, the employment of some Indian boys of his own age, who were shooting at a mark, and he gave them to understand that he had practised a little himself, with the Choctaw Indians.

A bow and arrow were put into his hands, and he exhibited sufficient deficiency to awaken mirth in his companions, who, nevertheless, seemed willing to instruct him; and on his return to the wigwam, the son of Tasthanugga mentioned the circumstance to his father. The chief replied, "that Manuel's duty was to take care of the horses, which he must apply to on the morrow, but that it was well that he should learn the use of the bow, since it would render him useful in hunting."

The following morning his hair was all cut off on both sides of his head, leaving a single line of hair rubbed up, so as to resemble a cock's comb, in the middle; his face was painted, and his cloak taken away; but it was observed that the rest of his clothing might as well remain as long as it could, seeing it might be a protection from the snakes.—He now became completely domesticated; went regularly, morning and evening, with the horses to water; practised shooting with the children; assisted the women at their labors in the field; made moccasins for the feet, or sewed skins for clothing, when in the house; and being not only an obedient, but an intelligent child, he gained apparently the good-will of all around him.

Among other services, Manuel was frequently required to amuse the little child, in which he always succeeded so well, that he soon became valuable to the mother. He contrived, with leaves and wood, to make little toys and whistles, by which the child was pleased; yet he always kept silence, as much as possible, when the master of the hut was within, well knowing his taciturn temper;—by which means he certainly prolonged his own probation; for, in the course of two or three months, different persons were brought and unquestionably sacrificed; on which occasions, he was always commanded by Muscagee, his mistress, "to keep close within the wigwam;" an order we may suppose he obeyed in the strictest manner, not doubting but if he were beheld, his life would be forfeited.

One day, when the youngest child was very ill, and cried in a very piteous manner, Manuel, who had now made himself nearly master of the Camanchee tongue, told the mother of some remedies, which he remembered as being useful to his sister, and offered to prepare them as well as he was able. As the Indians gave all white people credit for much knowledge of diseases, he was readily listened to by Muscagee, and his prescription proving very efficacious, it evidently raised him highly, both in her opinion, and that of the chief also, who now stripped off the remains of his ragged clothes, and

after rubbing his body with various oils, equipped him as an Indian, and appeared by this action to receive him as such into his family; so that the idea which had perpetually hung about him hitherto—that every day might be his last, was removed; and he began to consider it possible, that he might be permitted to live.

Alas! with this idea came the memory of his dear home, and his beloved parents; and many a time, when he was with his horses (which was the only time in which no eye was upon him,) would he weep bitterly with the recollection of the immeasurable distance between them—the fear that they had given up all hope of ever seeing him alive, and would therefore cease to search for him; and many a time, when he went past the place where poor Diego breathed his last, would he wish that he too had died; for however he might become accustomed to his present mode of existence, his regret for the loss of his parents remained the same.

The boys of the tribe having now obtained considerable power in the use of the bow, were each furnished by their parents with a light tomahawk, which they learned to throw with almost unerring aim; and one day Manuel drew near, desirous, of course, as all boys are, to obtain knowledge of sport, or give proof of capability. On seeing him, one of the elder boys, who acted as instructor to the rest, immediately proposed that they should tie him up in a tree, and show their proficiency, by throwing their tomahawks or axes as near to him as possible, without hurting him; and it was further conditioned, that he who pierced Manuel by throwing should forfeit his instrument!

In another moment the wretched boy, without the slightest remorse on the part of these young savages (whose very nature seems imbued with cruelty,) was tied up, and exposed to what appeared inevitable death. If a person could be said "to feel a thousand deaths in fearing one," poor Manuel did so: yet one tomahawk after another came whizzing to him, without actually inflicting a wound, until twenty had been thrown; when that of the chief's son (his own more immediate companion) hit the calf of his leg, and cutting through a small portion of the flesh, stuck fast in the tree.

A loud shout of laughter, at the mischance of her son, induced Muscagee to go out and inquire the cause. She was very angry when she saw the situation of poor Manuel; and, having liberated him, led him home with care, applied unguents to his wounds, and endeavored to keep him in a state of rest: but she was unable to effect this, for, as he was expert in the management of the horses, the chief insisted on the performance of his daily labor; nor did he seem to think the boys in the slightest degree to blame, for taking such a mark to try their skill upon.

When he had been about a year in this situation, the Camanches went out to fight against the Alonquas, a cannibal tribe, who also dwelt on the banks of the Red River, though at a considerable distance. Before they went, great preparations were made, not only in forming their bows, sharpening their knives and axes, but in adorning and beautifying their persons. This care was, of course, bestowed particularly on Tasthanugga, the chief; his eye-lids were painted with vermilion, also the sides of his head, which was afterward covered with oil, on which was stuck the down of feathers. The rest of his

face was painted black and white, those colors being peculiar to a warrior in time of war; afterward a silver band was fastened round, into which was stuck a thick circle of red and green feathers; the cartilages of his ears, which had been slit, were elongated by every possibility, and brought, by weight and pressure, low down upon his neck, and so bent behind, as nearly to meet; after this, every hair was plucked from his chin by a brass wire, and fine dark lines drawn round his eyes, lips, and ears; which operation is called *mactachering*; his body was then painted from the waist upward, the skin of his arms punctured in forms of flowers, into which paint was introduced, so as to become indelible; and thus ornamented, as a hero and a chief, Tasthanugga, in spite of his gravity, was the vainest of men. His arms consisted of his bow and arrows, a large tomahawk, and a scalping-knife: it being always an object with an Indian, to cut and tear off the scalps of their enemies, which they bring home, in proof of their valor.

When these savage warriors had departed, seeing the horses were gone, poor Manuel hoped he should have a little leisure, and perhaps be enabled to see something of certain traders from the United States, who he had learned came sometimes up the Red River, to purchase skins and mules from the Indians. He had no doubt that any description of Christian men would take pity on his sad situation, and purchase him from the Camanches, if they saw him; but he soon found to his sorrow, this was not likely to be the case: more work than usual was now given to him within the wigwam; and he was not unfrequently threatened with an assurance, that he would share the fate of those prisoners who might now be taken. Even his young master, for whom he was continually toiling, seemed much inclined to try his power of scalping on him; and would, unquestionably, have caused him to perish by that horrible operation, if the love of the young child had not been his protection.

At length the party returned, and had evidently suffered considerable loss in their battle; but the chief had escaped with few wounds, and was received with great acclamations. The people passed speedily from loud lamentations of the dead, to congratulations of the living, and thence to horrible revenge upon their prisoners, who, being of the cannibal race, sought to stimulate their wrath, by boasting that they had drank the blood of their countrymen, and feasted on their flesh!

It was now the hard fate of poor Manuel to witness the diabolical cruelty of the Indians; on which subject we shall be silent, neither desiring to harrow up our own minds or shock our readers by such revolting details. It is sufficient for our purpose, to say, that from this time Manuel determined either to escape from these monsters or to die in the attempt. He had not, however, lived so long with a people so cautious and discreet, without imbibing a lesson from their conduct; and being conscious that he had greatly increased in personal strength and activity, during the two years had resided with them, he thought, in another year it was possible for him to attain sufficient power to venture on the attempt. For this purpose, he inured himself to long fasts; practised that method of discerning footsteps and tracing paths, so peculiar to the Indians; and carefully inquired the nature of all herbs and

wild fruits, on which it was possible to subsist with safety. His greatest care, however, was to examine the horses, which he again had the care of, and so to train the best that its speed and strength should be increased against that period of the year when, from the general habits of the Indians, it was most likely that the scheme might be practicable.

From this time, the mind of Manuel becoming not only highly excited, but firmly fixed, might be said to improve and expand. Never did he now fail to offer up ardent prayers at stated times, to that Almighty Father who alone could aid him in this most arduous undertaking; and to this devout reliance he added, as far as he was able, meditation on his beloved home, and tender recollection of his dear friends, as a means of increasing those energies for which he should hereafter have such occasion.

Some months before the time fixed upon arrived, the chief and his people went out again, and, after a fortnight's absence, brought in a number of mules and two fine horses. The former were soon after disposed of (as Manuel apprehended, to white traders; from whom, however, he was securely secluded,) but the horses remained; and the superior quality of that which was the best, awoke new hopes in the anxious boy, whose continued solicitude rendered him almost sick, with the alternate hopes and fears attendant on his terrible situation.

He had frequently accompanied hunting parties over a considerable portion of that ground which he had first traversed as a prisoner, so that he believed he could have reached the Rio Colorado; but he knew that the cannibal tribes lay in that quarter, and concluded, also, that pursuit would be made in that direction. He, therefore, determined to set out exactly the opposite way; and keeping the Red River as long in sight as possible, give himself a chance of seeing white traders, should any really venture thus far from all civilized life. He also thought it possible that he might fall in with the Caddoes, who were then in league with the Camanches, and who also boasted that they had never shed the blood of a white man, and might, therefore, be received by them as one of either nation—at all events, when the moon was full, he determined to hazard all, and try.

Manuel had now been three years with these Indians; the most cruel and savage of their race, without excepting the cannibals. His abilities and obedience had rendered him valuable to them; and the facility with which he adopted their manners, induced them to suppose that he was reconciled to their mode of life; for they knew not that, in his solitary hours, he wept bitterly the horrors he had witnessed, and prayed ardently for release from his bondage. He was in the habit of giving the horses long airings; but he always brought them in safety, and managed them so well, that no suspicion was excited, when, at last, the long wished-for day arrived, and he rode forth to return no more. We may conclude, from these considerations, that Manuel had the start some hours, and was far distant before suspicion was entertained: and, if pursuit was made, it lay, as he surmised, in an opposite direction.

Of this nothing can be known, nor is it possible for us to trace the wanderings and sufferings of the wretched boy, in that immense tract of country

which he passed through. He had been able to secure only a small portion of hominy, as food—he had no arms, whereby to procure more—and he did not find the pulse or fruits, for which he had hoped; and, after the first six days his distress became extreme. Sensible that he could not be far distant from an Indian settlement, yet not daring to lose sight of the Red River, he was in perpetual terror lest he should be found by a party of this people, now both himself and his horse were reduced so far that they were unable to make an effort for escape; and many a time did the scream of a bird make him tremble, lest it should be the cry of a savage tribe. Finding himself, at length, impeded by a stream which he could not ferry, he left the shores of the Red River, into which it flowed, and, following its banks, crossed it near the source; finding himself somewhat more secure from the Indians, although more at a loss for a guide to civilized life.

Though the horse had, hitherto, fared better than its master, yet it now began to share his weariness and hunger; and when the tenth day of his wanderings was over, both sunk down together, in a state of such weakness, that any one who had witnessed it would have thought that all was over. Yet, the next morning they arose with the sun, and after a refreshing draught of pure water, pursued the trackless journey, finding this day a little withered fruit still hanging to the trees. On the day following, poor Manuel perceived at a distance some buildings resembling a village, which had the appearance of a Spanish settlement. It may be supposed with what ardor he strained every nerve to arrive there—but who shall paint his disappointment when, on reaching the place, he found it utterly deserted! It was, indeed, evident that the inhabitants had either fallen a sacrifice to the Indians, or fled at their approach—a small portion of Indian corn that lay scattered in one cottage (which he ate eagerly) was the only relief obtained; and the little time he remained inspired him with the fear of the cannibals, whom it was but too probable had carried all the inhabitants away.

Still, an idea rose in his mind, favorable to proceeding in that direction; accordingly, he travelled on one other day, when, so far as his weakened eyes could judge, he saw the sun set on a line of cultivated land. His feelings were now wrought up to intense solicitude, and even sleep, which had so long been his wearied body's sole refreshment, was denied. In consequence, he roused his jaded steed with the earliest dawn—and finding he was indeed approaching the habitations of civilized man, hope sprang in his heart, and sustained him, though on the very verge of existence. He soon perceived his former guide, the Red River, before him, and controlling his impatience as well as he was able, pursued the nearest apparent way for approaching its banks. In the course of a few hours he found himself actually in a town, evidently built by white men—for he had happily reached Natchitoches, on the Red River, formerly a French settlement, but now in possession of the United States. Here he was gazed upon as an object of abhorrence, the first moment, from his appearing as a Camanche—the next with horror, as a gaunt and terrific spectre: like the unhappy king, now he had arrived at the long sought haven of his hopes, it might be said, "no man bade him welcome," though he stared at

him aghast; until, perceiving an American gentleman advance, with an apparently compassionate countenance, the worn-out sufferer dropped from his horse, and on his knees cried out, in the almost forgotten language of his country, "have pity on me; I am the son of a Christian like yourself!"

The adjuration was not in vain—the poor boy had now met the "good Samaritan," willing indeed to pour the oil and wine of kindness and support into his wounded heart. Scarcely had he been placed in a comfortable bed, and nourished with food suitable for his weak state, when a French merchant, who had heard of his arrival and was well acquainted with his father, hastened to the house to learn whether this poor object, described as the living skeleton, could be the son, or servant of Don Manuel, now lost for full three years. From this circumstance, the poor boy had the satisfaction of learning that his parents still lived, together with his sister—but that his mother, from her extreme sorrow for his loss, was a complete invalid; that she had buried his little brother, and with his father had determined to quit for ever a country which had been to them so unfortunate.

Although poor Manuel was now much farther from these dear parents than he had ever been, it will be readily conceived, that the humane friends whose kindness had cherished him, lost no time in sending a trusty messenger, with the wonderful news of his restoration; nor will any one doubt, both father and mother hastened to Natchitoches themselves, to welcome a child snatched from a state far worse than death itself. During the weeks in which these journeys were performing, Manuel resumed somewhat the appearance of health—and his generous protector took such pains in clothing him, and restoring him to the appearance of a white boy, that when his parents arrived they were spared the shock of seeing him as a famished wanderer, and read in every feature the proof that he was their long lost son.

Over their joyful and deeply affecting meeting, I must draw a veil—every child will know what Manuel felt at that time; and I trust that many a one who reads this faithful story, when he next gives his own beloved mother a good-night kiss, will lift up his heart in thankfulness to his Heavenly Father, not only for the blessings which surround himself, but for the restoration of this long-suffering boy—poor Manuel.

The writer of this article received the particulars from Mr. Parker, an American artist of great respectability, who happened to be at Natchitoches soon after the arrival of the poor boy, who had travelled a distance of about five hundred miles; being thirteen days on his miserable journey over an uninhabited country.

NARRATIVE.

THE STORY OF ALICE; OR, SELF POSSESSION.

In a little valley by the side of a river, just where there was a great curve in the stream, there was a farm; the land consisted of beautiful intervals near the river, and high hills and forests behind. From the windows of the farmhouse, you could look up the river, or down the river, a great many miles.

There was a little girl that lived in this farmhouse, named Alice. She was about five years old. She used to play about the farm-yard, sometimes feeding the chickens, and sometimes planting corn and beans in a little bed they gave her in the garden. She was quiet and good-natured; and so her father would often take her out with him into the fields, when he went to work. At such times, she would play about upon the grass, and take good care not to be in her father's way, nor trouble him by talking to him too much when he was busy. She would talk to herself, and sing to herself, and find amusement in a thousand ways, without troubling him. And so he was very often glad to have her go with him.

The farmer used sometimes to paddle across the river in his log canoe, to go to a village which was about half a mile from the opposite shore. The log canoe was a very good boat. It was made of a very large log, and so it was big enough to carry quite a number of people. It was shaped well, and it had three good seats, and a little deck at the bows. There were a paddle and two oars, and on the deck there was a pretty large, round stone, as big as a man's head, with a rope fastened to it. The other end of the rope was fastened to the bows of the boat. This stone was the anchor. The farmer could anchor his boat with it when he wanted to go a-fishing anywhere out on the river, where the water was not very deep, nor the current very rapid.

One day, Alice asked her father to let her go over the river with him, in his boat. And he said that he should like to have her go very much. Only he told her that he could not let her go to the town with him. She would have to wait in the boat, he said, while he was gone. She asked him how long he should be gone from the boat, and he said about half an hour.

"Well," said she, "I can take one of my books, and look at the pictures while you are gone."

So she got into the canoe with him, and he paddled her over the river.

When they reached the opposite shore, Alice's father stepped out, and took hold of the anchor rope, pretty near where it was fastened to the boat, and, pulling pretty hard, he drew the bows of the boat up a little upon the sand. Then he told Alice to take out her book, and amuse herself as well as she could, until he came back. So Alice sat down upon a low seat, which her father had made on purpose for her, and opened her book, while her father went to a path which led up the bank, and soon disappeared.

It would have been safer if the farmer, instead of merely drawing up upon the beach, had taken out the anchor, and just laid that upon the shore. It is true that, under ordinary circumstances, drawing the boat up a little way would have

been enough. But there was one circumstance which rendered this mode of fastening the boat, at this time, very insecure; and that was, that the water was rising. It was rising very slowly, but still it was rising. The cause of this rising was, that there had been some rains among the mountains, where the brooks began to run, which made this river, though it had been very pleasant weather where the farmer lived; and thus the water in the river was rising, though the farmer did not know it. Accordingly, when he went up the bank, and left little Alice in the boat, there was considerable danger that the water might rise, and float her away.

And then, besides, after her father had gone, Alice sometimes got tired of looking over her book; and then she amused herself in looking around,—up and down the river, and back to her father's farm. In doing so, she changed her position a little, though she did not actually leave her seat. This movement of hers naturally gave a little motion to the boat, and tended to work it loose in the sand, as the water rose, and gradually buoyed it up.

At length, as Alice was looking over the side of the canoe, at the pebbles in the water under that part of the boat where she was sitting, she thought the pebbles all seemed to be moving in towards the shore. She wondered what this strange phenomenon could be. The pebbles glided slowly along, and the water seemed to be growing deeper—appearances which puzzled Alice very much, until she looked up, and found that the boat was slowly floating away from the shore. It was this motion of the boat away from the shore which caused the *apparent* motion of the pebbles *towards* it.

The first feeling which Alice had was, that she was having a beautiful little sail; but in a very few minutes she began to be afraid that she should not be able to get back.

"Ah," said she, "I know what I'll do. I'll paddle. I know how to paddle."

A paddle is somewhat like an oar, only it is shorter and lighter, and has a broad, thin blade. She took the paddle, and went to the seat where her father usually sat, and tried to work it. But she could not succeed. She could make the boat go a little, but it did not go at all towards the shore; it seemed, on the other hand, to move farther and farther from it.

Alice then put the paddle back in the boat, and sat down upon her own little seat again, and the tears began to come into her eyes. She did not know what would become of her. The boat went farther and farther away from the shore, and when she looked for the place where it had been drawn up, she found that it was getting to be so far off that she could scarcely distinguish it. And in the mean time, as her boat floated slowly down the stream, the banks, and rocks, and trees upon the shore, seemed to glide along as if the whole country was in motion.

Alice soon reflected that it would do no good to cry; and so she wiped away the tears, and began to consider what would probably become of her. She saw that she was drifting down, down very far, and she wondered where it was that the river went to, in the end; for she knew that she must go there, at last, wherever it was, unless she could get stopped in some way. Then she thought that perhaps somebody might see her from the shore, and come out to her,—somebody that would know how to paddle and so be able to paddle her back to the shore. But then, again, she did not see how they could get out to

her, if they should see her. Then she thought that, perhaps, in going down the river, the boat might accidentally get nearer and nearer to one bank or the other, and especially that, at some place where the river turned, the boat might, perhaps, keep on, and so come to the shore.

While she was thinking of these things, she kept still sailing down farther and farther; until, at length, she saw before her a kind of a bend in the river, and there was a point of land on one side, which stretched out almost before where her boat was going.

"Ah," said Alice, "I shall run against that point of land, and then I can get out."

The boat went on, directly towards the end of the point, and Alice could not tell whether it was going to come against it and stop, or just go by. The point was rocky. As the canoe came nearer, she saw that it was just going by it, barely touching. As it glided slowly along, Alice put out her hand to get hold of the corner of a rock, and stop herself. But the canoe pulled so hard that it pulled her hand away. Alice that instant thought of her father's boat-hook. The boat-hook was a pole, not very long, with a hook in one end of it; and she remembered that her father used to hook this into something or other upon the shore, whenever he wished to land. She got the boat-hook up as quick as she could, but it was too late. Before she could get it reached out towards the rock, the boat had got so far away that she could not get hold of it; the end dropped into the water, and she had reached out so far that the boat tipped over very much to one side; and Alice suddenly let go the end of the pole which she had in her hand, in order to catch hold of the side of the boat. Of course, the boat-hook dropped entirely into the water, and began to float away. Alice tried to reach it with the paddle, but she could not. She was very much concerned at the loss of her father's boat hook.

Alice was now quite disheartened, and did not know what to do; but, as she was sitting upon her seat, musing upon her sad situation, her eye happened to fall upon the great round stone, which served for an anchor, and which was upon the bows of the canoe. "Ah," said she, "I'll anchor. That's what I'll do."

So she went forward to the anchor, and began to roll it over towards the edge of the boat. In a moment, however, she recollected that when she had been out with her father, fishing, he had said that he could not anchor his boat, except where the water was so shallow that he could see the bottom. So she looked down into the water, to see if she could see the bottom. She could not. The water was dark and deep. So she knew it would do no good to put the anchor in there.

She then thought she would wait and see if the boat would not come over some shallow place, as it moved along. So she sat down by the side of the stone, and watched the water. She did not have to wait a great while; for presently she observed that the water began to have a yellowish tinge, which was given to it by the light reflected from the sand below. It grew brighter and brighter, and presently the dim form of a large log, which was lying upon the bottom, glided into view. Very soon Alice could see the sand and the pebbles very distinctly; and she rose from her seat, saying,

"Now I'll let the anchor go."

She exerted all her strength, and rolled the stone over the bows. It plunged into the water with a great noise and spattering. The rope ran out after it very fast, and in a minute or two the boat stopped, and the current of the water began to ripple fast against the bows and along its sides.

"There," said Alice; "now if somebody would only come and get me!"

She waited here for nearly a quarter of an hour, looking about, sometimes up and down the river, and sometimes across to the banks on each

side, in hopes to see somebody coming. At last, as she was looking up the river, she thought she saw something black upon the water. She looked at it attentively. Presently she could perceive that there was something moving in it or about it. She soon made it out to be a boat, with oars working briskly in the water on each side. It was coming directly towards her. Alice was very glad. She determined that as soon as they should come pretty near, she would speak to them, and ask them to paddle her back to her father's.

As the boat came on towards her, Alice observed that one of the rowers stopped rowing, and stood up in the boat, looking towards her. Alice perceived that it was her father; and just at the same instant, he saw her and called out,

"Alice!"

Alice answered,

"Here I am, father,—all safe,—only I have lost your boat-hook. But I am very sorry."

Her father was very glad indeed to find her safe again. When he found that the boat was gone from the place where he had left it, he was very much alarmed; he supposed that the boat had drifted away, and he was afraid his little Alice had got drowned. He, however, went as quick as he could, and got another boat, and another man, too, to help him row, so that he could go down the river faster. He was therefore exceedingly glad when he found her safely anchored, and he told her that he did not care anything about the boat-hook at all.

[Cousin Lucy's Stories.]

THE STRANGER'S STORY.

The gentleman began his story in the following words:

"The story is about a girl named Agatha. One day, after dinner, she said, 'Mother?'"

"And her mother said, 'What, Agatha?'"

Here Lucy began to turn round in her seat to look towards the gentleman who was telling the story, so that she could hear better what Agatha was going to say. She was curious to know what she was going to say.

The gentleman continued as follows:

"I wish, mother, you would let me go out and take a walk, this afternoon, down to the bird's nest. I want to see if the little birds are big enough to fly."

"No, Agatha, I cannot let you go this afternoon; you must stay and help me iron the clothes."

"Well, mother," said Agatha, "I will."

"She did not look sullen and ill-humored, and begin to complain or murmur because she could not go; but she said, cheerfully and pleasantly, 'Well, mother, I will.'"

"She went at once and got some wood to make a good fire; then she put the flatirons down before it, and she worked industriously all the afternoon until five o'clock. By that time the clothes were all ironed and put away, and the table set back in its place."

"Then Agatha asked her mother if she might sweep up the hearth; and her mother said, 'Yes.'"

"So Agatha took the brush, and swept the hearth, and put the chairs back, and made the room look very neat and pleasant."

"Then her mother said,

"Now, Agatha, you have been a very good girl, and have helped me a great deal this afternoon; and, if you would like it, you may go and get your cousin George and have a gypsy supper."

"Well!" said Agatha,—and may I ask Louisa to come too?"

"Yes," said her mother.

"So Agatha got her bonnet, and went skipping away, saying, 'I am going to have a gypsy supper,—a gypsy supper.'"

Here Lucy looked up, and said, with a timid voice, "I don't know what a gypsy supper is."

"Don't you?" said the stranger. "Did you never hear of a gypsy supper?"

"No, sir," answered Lucy.

"Well," said the stranger, "you will hear as I go on with the story. Agatha went to the next house, where her cousin George lived, and then to the house beyond, where Louisa lived; and she invited them to come and have a gypsy supper with her; and they both came."

"George brought his little trucks, so as to haul the things for the gypsy supper. When they got to the house, Agatha's mother had got every thing ready for them upon the kitchen table; and there was a tin pail with a cover to put the various articles into. George left his trucks at the door, and all the children came in, and stood around the table, and looked on, while Agatha began to put the things into the tin pail."

"First there were six apples,—two for each of them. You see there were three children; and two apiece for three makes six. Then there was a beautiful little —"

Here the gentleman stopped telling his story, and said,

But I believe I cannot tell you any more now. It is hard for me to talk to you so far,—the engine makes such a noise. I begin to be pretty tired. If you were here sitting up in my lap, I could finish it; but I suppose you don't care enough about hearing the rest of it to come and sit with me."

"Yes, sir," said Lucy, "I'll come."

"So saying, Lucy jumped down from her seat,

and ran round the trunks to the place where the gentleman was sitting. He took her up into his lap, and proceeded at once as follows:—

"There was a beautiful little apple-pie on the table, just big enough to go easily into the bottom of the tin pail. Then there were several slices of bread and butter, and a small tin mug for them to drink water with from the spring."

"What spring?" said Lucy.

"Why, a spring down in the woods, where they were going to have their gypsy supper."

"Were they going down into the woods?" said Lucy.

"Yes," said the gentleman, "you will hear. They put all the things carefully into the pail, and then they put the pail upon the trucks, and George drew it along. The two girls walked behind. They went down through the yard, and out at a gate. Agatha held the gate open, while George drew the trucks through. Here they found a path leading down into the woods. They went on till they came into a valley, where there was a spring of beautiful cool water, and some rocks around it to sit upon."

"The first thing they did was to build a little fire. George and Louisa looked around for dry sticks, while Agatha lighted a match and kindled them. Pretty soon, they had a very good fire, and they put the apples down before it to roast, on a flat stone. They took out the bread and butter, and began to eat it while the apples were roasting. Then they cut the pie, and each took a slice; and when they were thirsty, they drank water from the spring by means of the little dipper. And all the time they were talking together very happily,—while the smoke of the fire curled up among the tops of the trees."

Here the gentleman stopped.

"Is that all?" said Lucy.

"Yes," said the gentleman, "that is about all."

"Why,—didn't they go home again?" asked Lucy.

"O yes, after they had finished their gypsy supper, they all went home."

"Is that a gypsy supper?" said Lucy, after a short pause.

"Yes," said the gentleman. "Gypsies are people that live chiefly out of doors. They have no houses of their own; and so, whenever children have a supper, by themselves, in the woods, or in the fields they call it a *gypsy supper*."

Here Lucy, observing that the gentleman had no more to tell, began to slide down out of his lap, to go back to her seat. He made no resistance, and so Lucy left him alone. Presently the gentleman arose from his seat, and walked away. Her mother said to her,

"Are you glad or sorry that you went to see the gentleman?"

"Glad," said Lucy.

"You were afraid to go, at first."

"Yes, mother," said Lucy, "I know I was."

"It is very foolish," said her mother, "for children to be afraid of ladies or gentlemen just because they are strangers."

Lucy thought that this was correct, and she resolved that the next time a gentleman spoke to her under such circumstances, she would go to him, and hear what he had to say; and a short time afterwards, when she met this gentleman walking upon the deck of the steamboat, she thanked him for telling her the story.

[Cousin Lucy's Stories.]

From Baird's Travels in Europe.

THE SUN AT MIDNIGHT.

A steamboat leaves Stockholm every week and touches at Gessle, Hudiksvall, Hernösand, Umeå, and other points on the western coast of the Gulf of Bothnia, as well as Wasa on the eastern, on its way up to Tornea, at the head of the Gulf. This voyage is a very pleasant one, and gives an opportunity to those who wish to go up to that very northern city at the summer solstice (the 23d of June or St. John's day) when, from a neighboring mountain, they can have their faith confirmed in the truth of the Copernican system. For, at that epoch, the sun, at these latitudes, does not descend below the horizon, but is seen to decline to the northwest, and verge more and more to the exact north, until it reaches at midnight its lowest point, when it is just visible above the horizon. In a few minutes it is seen to commence its upward course towards the northeast and thus continues its glorious progress until it reaches again its zenith in the south. Even to one who is at Stockholm, at that epoch, the nights for two or three weeks are sufficiently light, from the refraction of the sun's rays, owing to its being so little beneath the horizon, for the performance of almost any business. We happened about that

time, four years ago, to be going up to the Promotion at Upsala, and were obliged to travel all night: and we have a distinct recollection of reading a letter at midnight, with ease, even whilst passing through a forest. And the year after, at the same season, we often whiled away our leisure moments by sitting at the window of the house where we stayed, on the English Quay in St. Petersburg, a city which is situated in the same degree with Upsala, and half a degree north of Stockholm, and reading until midnight. During that period scarcely a cloud was to be seen in the sky, which had both day and night, that light blue which is peculiar to these northern regions at that portion of the year, and which is occasioned by the rays of the sun striking the atmosphere of that portion of the earth at so small an angle. Scarcely a star was visible in the heavens at night, and the moon, even, when full, hardly formed a shadow. At that season, there is something unnatural and death-like in the appearance of things, as night sets in. Business comes to an end before the sun goes down, and all nature falls into stillness and repose, whilst it is yet light. and if you have been unaccustomed to such a state of things, you seem, as you pass the streets, whether it be of Stockholm or St. Petersburg, Hernösand or Tornea, to be in the midst of a city which is uninhabited. No living thing, perhaps, is to be seen any where, as you pass street after street, save some solitary sentinel, with his grey coat and musket.

NARRATIVE.

From my Grandfather Gregory.

THE THORN IN THE FINGER.

It was on a fine frosty morning, three days after Christmas-day, that Fanny Fielding skipped along the road, to leave her little present at the house of my grandfather Gregory.

And why did the little girl skip along so light-heartedly? and why did the little basket in her hand appear as light as a feather? O! I will tell you why; it was because she had been very industrious, and had finished knitting a nice pair of warm lambs'-wool stockings, which she was carrying as a present to my grandfather Gregory, on his birth-day.

In a very short time, Fanny arrived at my grandfather's door, and in another minute she had made her courtesy in the little parlor, where my grandfather was sitting, and had begged him to accept a few fine apples from her mother, and from herself a pair of lamb's-wool stockings of her own knitting.

The smile on the face of the old gentleman plainly told how much he was pleased; and ris-

ing from his arm-chair, and shaking Fanny by the hand, "Well, my little maid," said he, "I have many pairs of lambs'-wool stockings by me already, but not one pair among them shall I value like the pair you have brought me; and now let me tell you why. It is not," said he, bidding her sit down beside him; "it is not only because I am pleased with your attention, in making me a present which must have cost you a good deal of trouble; but because you have appeared to me to pay great attention to my advice, and do, I hope, love the Lord Jesus Christ. Your father, Fanny, was for many years a faithful friend of mine, and, I believe, an humble follower of the Redeemer; and I rejoice to see his widow and his child treading in his steps. Tell your mother that when eating my apples I shall not forget who gave me them; and often will your lambs'-wool stockings remind me of a little girl that I hope I shall ever love. But what is the matter with your finger that you have it wrapped up so?"

Here little Fanny blushed, and held down her head.

"Come, let me see it, for I am afraid that all is not right. What, have you cut it, or scalded it, or pricked it with your needle?"

"No, sir;" said Fanny, still holding down her head, and blushing more than ever.

"Well, then, tell me at once what is the matter."

"Why, sir," said Fanny, "my mother sent me on an errand yesterday, and as I went along I saw some fine, red, shining thorn apples in the hedge; but they were up very high, and so I scrambled up the bank to get at them, and being in a hurry, as my mother wanted me back again directly, I caught hold of a thorn bush, and a thorn stuck into my finger, and I have never been able to get it out; it pained me sadly last night, but this morning I forgot all about it, after I had tied it up."

Fanny unwrapped her finger, which was much swelled, and my grandfather got out his magnifying glass, and saw the thorn, which, with the point of a penknife, he soon took out.

"Ah, Fanny! my girl," said he, as she again tied up her finger, "this little circumstance may, after all, be of some service to you; therefore sit down again, and let us have some talk about it. And now, remember, that I am not going to scold you, for I make it a rule never to scold on my birthday, if I can help it. I dare say, that the pain you have felt has already punished you enough; but I must not lose an opportunity of giving you some good advice, especially as you have given me so good a pair of lambs'-wool stockings."

Fanny had not cried out, or made a single wry face while the thorn was taken from her finger; and she now sat looking attentively at my grandfather, whom she loved in her little heart.

"What a pity it is, Fanny, in a world where-in it has pleased God to give us so many blessings, that we cannot be contented, without going out of the path of our duty to obtain what, perhaps, after all, is hardly worth having. When your mother sent you on an errand, and you

knew that she wanted you to return quickly, it was thoughtless to waste your time in scrambling to obtain a few red berries, and you see the consequence, for you only got a thorn in your finger.

"And so will it ever be, my dear girl, all the days of your life, if you live to be as old as poor Mary Brown, and they say she was ninety-four last September. So it will be, I say, with you all your life long; if you wander from the path of duty you will assuredly meet with some disappointment or vexation, that will trouble you as much as a *thorn in your finger*.

"I remember when a boy, and a little older than you are now, that, when sent on an errand which required haste, I stopped for a time with some boys who were sliding on a pond. I knew that it was wrong to tarry a minute, but was determined, right or wrong, to have *one slide*; so taking a good run, away I went across the pond, and found it so pleasant, that I thought, at any rate, I would have *one more*. Well one more brought on another and another, until at last down I came in the middle of the slide. The ice was strong enough to bear me while I was sliding, but it broke under me when I fell upon it, and I had the most complete ducking I ever had in my life. It was a mercy that I was not drowned; however, it was quite bad enough as it was, and I assure you, Fanny, that I had much rather at that time have had a *thorn in my finger*, than to endure what I had to go through.

"So sure as a child who puts her hand into the fire will be burned, so sure will all who do wrong be punished. It is of little consequence, when we go out of the way in which we should walk, whether we are tempted by a red berry or a yellow guinea, by a slide on a pond or some gaudy show; in either case it is wrong, and in either case shall we have cause to repent it. How many a poor creature has wandered astray by little and little, until she has been obliged to return, disappointed and cast down, with a *thorn in her heart*, worse than twenty thorns in her finger. But if, Fanny," added the old gentleman, taking her kindly by the hand, "if we get thorns in our fingers when we make little mistakes, what may we not expect when we make great ones! If in a shower of rain we run under a bush that pricks us with its thorns, but affords us no shelter; or if we endeavor to get to our houses by scrambling over briars and thorns, instead of going the right way, we shall soon find out our mistake, and may, perhaps, amend it; but what, if in the storms and tempests of life, in the sins and sorrows of the world, we should seek shelter in any other refuge than our Redeemer, or attempt to get to heaven by any other way than through faith in Him, who is "the way, the truth, and the life;" what may we not expect from so terrible a mistake! Better have a thousand thorns in your finger than endure the dreadful effects of such an error.

"But, my dear Fanny, I am forgetting myself, for I shall have a little tribe of my grandchildren here directly, to wish me joy on my birth-day; so you must take up your basket, and trot away as fast as you can; and mind, my little maid," said he, chucking her under the chin, "that you give my thanks to your mother for her nice apples, and remember that I shall put on your comfortable stockings the very next Sunday."

Many people might expect that my grandfather would give Fanny Fielding something in return for her present; but, no, that would not be acting like the old gentleman; for he never was known to give any thing at the time, in return for any little favor, lest he should make the person selfish; but he took care, on a proper opportunity, to show how much he valued both gratitude and kindness. When Fanny was gone he put on his glasses, and wrote down as follows in his common-place book: "Dec. 28. Fanny Fielding brought me a basket of apples from her mother, and a pair of lamb's-wool stockings of her own knitting. May God bless the little girl;

may I bear in mind her kindness, and may she never forget THE THORN IN HER FINGER."

BENEVOLENCE.**THE THREE FRIENDS.**

Two sisters, namely Amy and Anna, were once sitting together upon a grassy bank, when a large dog came between them, and thrusting his nose familiarly into their hands snuggled down, as if desirous of making one of the party. The two girls caressed him fondly, and called him "good Dash," and "pretty Dash"—and many other titles of affection they bestowed upon him. At length the younger of the girls said, "Amy, I have heard that Dash once saved my life; will you tell me how it happened?" "With pleasure," said Amy, and accordingly she proceeded as follows:

About five years ago, Anna, when you were not more than two years old, we were living in Vermont, near one of the streams that empties into Connecticut river. The snow was very deep that winter, and when it came to go away in the spring, it made a great freshet. The melted snow came down the hills and mountains, and filled the rivers, which overflowed their banks, and overspread the valleys, and swept every thing before them.

The little river near our house suddenly rose above its borders, and came thundering along, tearing away trees, and bridges, and mills, and houses. At last it seemed to threaten our dwelling, and father and mother began to prepare to leave it, and fly to the neighboring hills for security. In the preparation for flight, you were put into a large basket with some clothes stuffed round you, and set down upon a little bridge of planks, near the house, while our parents and myself were gathering together a few things to take with us. As father put you on the bridge, he noticed that Dash seemed to look on with interest and anxiety, for the waters made a terrible roaring all around us; and observed also, on looking back, that Dash had taken his seat on the bridge by your side.

You had not been left more than ten minutes, when we heard a frightful noise, and going to the door, we saw, with terror and amazement, that the water had suddenly risen and surrounded the house. Nothing could save us but instant flight. Father took me in his arms, and with mother clinging to him, he started for the bridge where you had been placed; but he soon perceived that the bridge had been carried away by the rush of the waters, and neither you nor Dash were to be seen. It was no time for delay or search, for the waves were rising rapidly, and it was with the utmost difficulty that father was able to take mother and me to the hill. There at length we arrived, and leaving us to take care of ourselves, father went in search of you. He was absent nearly four hours—and I never shall forget the anxiety with which we waited his return. We were without shelter; the earth was damp, and the air chilly, but we were so absorbed in fear for you, that we thought not of our own sufferings. At last we saw father coming, at a considerable distance. He had you in his arms, and Dash was leaping and frolicking at his side. I was never so happy; I shall never, never, be so happy again, as I was when I saw father coming, and saw that you were safe!

At length your father reached us; though it was a matter of some difficulty, on account of the water which had choked up the valley. I need not tell how heartily mother and myself kissed you, when we got hold of you. We shed a great many tears, but you only laughed, and seemed to think it all a pleasant frolic. When we could compose our feelings, father told us the story of your escape. It seems that the waters rose suddenly while we were in the house, and lifting up the planks of the bridge, carried

you and Dash and the basket upon them, down the stream. The current was very swift, and you must have sailed along at a terrible rate; but faithful Dash kept his place at your side. You had gone about two miles, when the dog and basket were seen by some people on the shore. Dash saw them at the same moment, and he set up a very piteous howl, but they did not understand him. When he saw that there was no relief to be had from them, he leaped into the water, and seizing one end of one of the planks in his mouth, began to swim with all his might, and push the planks toward the land. He was so powerful and so skillful, that he very soon gave them a direction towards a little island, which was not distant, and in a few moments they struck against the shore, and were held fast by running against some small trees. The dog again set up a howl, and the people before mentioned, now thinking something was the matter, entered a boat and went to the island, where they found you asleep in the basket, as dry as a biscuit!"

When Amy had reached this point of the story, Anna put her arms around the dog's neck, and with her eyes swimming in tears, kissed him over and over again. She said nothing, however, for her heart was too full. Her sister then went on to tell the rest of the story—but as the reader will easily guess it all, I need not repeat it here. If any of my young readers are curious to know all about it, I shall be at their service, whenever they will give me a call.—*Merry's Museum.*

crickets and small chairs in a row for the children's seats, and had been talking, in dialogue, for some time, pretending to hold conversations with her pupils. She heard one read and spell, and gave another directions about her writing; and she had quite a long talk with a third about the reason why she did not come to school earlier. At last Lucy, seeing the kitten come into the room, and thinking that she should like to go and play with her, told the children that she thought it was time for school to be done.

Royal, Lucy's brother, had been sitting upon the steps at the front door, while Lucy was playing school; and just as she was thinking that it was time to dismiss the children, he happened to get up and come into the room. Royal was about eleven years old. When he found that Lucy was playing school, he stopped at the door a moment to listen.

"Now, children," said Lucy, "it is time for the school to be dismissed; for I want to play with the kitten."

Here Royal laughed aloud.

Lucy looked around, a little disturbed at Royal's interruption. Besides, she did not like to be laughed at. She, however, said nothing in reply, but still continued to give her attention to her school. Royal walked in, and stood somewhat nearer.

"We will sing a hymn," said Lucy, gravely.

Here Royal laughed again.

"Royal, you must not laugh," said Lucy. "They always sing a hymn at the end of a school." Then, making believe that she was speaking to her scholars, she said, "You may all take out your hymn-books, children."

Lucy had a little hymn-book in her hand, and she began turning over the leaves, pretending to find a place.

"You may sing," she said, at last, "the thirty-third hymn, long part, second metre."

At this sad mismating of the words in Lucy's announcement of the hymn, Royal found that he could contain himself no longer. He burst into loud and uncontrollable fits of laughter, staggering about the room, and saying to himself, as he could catch a little breath, "*Long part!—O dear me!—second metre!—O dear!*"

"Royal," said Lucy, with all the sternness she could command, "you *shall not* laugh."

Royal made no reply, but tumbled over upon the sofa, holding his sides, and every minute repeating, at the intervals of the paroxysm, "*Long part—second metre!—O dear me!*"

"Royal," said Lucy again, stamping with her little foot upon the carpet, "I tell you, you shall not laugh."

Then suddenly she seized a little twig which she had by her side, and which she had provided as a rod to punish her imaginary scholars with; and, starting up, she ran towards Royal, saying, "I'll soon make you sober with my rod."

Royal immediately jumped up from the sofa, and ran off,—Lucy in hot pursuit. Royal turned into the back entry, and passed out through an open door behind, which led into a little green yard back of the house. There was a young lady, about seventeen years old, coming out of the garden into the little yard, with a watering-

NARRATIVE.

THE TREASURY.

One day in summer, when Lucy was a very little girl, she was sitting in her rocking-chair, playing keep school. She had placed several

pot in her hand, just as Royal and Lucy came out of the house.

She stopped Lucy, and asked her what was the matter.

"Why, Miss Anne," said Lucy, "Royal keeps laughing at me."

Miss Anne looked around to see Royal. He had gone and seated himself upon a bench under an apple-tree, and seemed entirely out of breath and exhausted; though his face was still full of half-suppressed glee.

"What is the matter, Royal?" said Miss Anne.

"Why, he is laughing at my school," said Lucy.

"No, I am not laughing at her school," said Royal; "but she was going to give out a hymn, and she said —"

Royal could not get any further. The fit of laughter came over him again, and he lay down upon the bench, unable to give any further account of it, except to get out the words, "*Long part!* O dear me! What shall I do?"

"Royal!" exclaimed Lucy.

"Never mind him," said Miss Anne; "let him laugh if he will, and you come with me."

"Why, where are you going?"

"Into my room. Come, go in with me, and I will talk with you."

So Miss Anne took Lucy along with her into a little back bedroom. There was a window at one side, and a table with books, and an ink-stand, and a work-basket upon it. Miss Anne sat down at this window, and took her work; and Lucy came and leaned against her, and said,

"Come, Miss Anne, you said you would talk with me."

"Well," said Miss Anne, "there is one thing which I do not like."

"What is it?" said Lucy.

"Why, you do not keep your treasury in order."

"Well, that," said Lucy, "is because I have got so many things."

"Then I would not have so many things;—at least I would not keep them all in my treasury."

"Well, Miss Anne," if you would only keep some of them for me,—then I could keep the rest in order."

"What sort of things should you wish me to keep?"

"Why, my best things,—my tea-set, I am sure, so that I shall not lose any more of them; I have lost some of them now—one cup and two saucers; and the handle of the pitcher is broke. Royal broke it. He said he would pay me, but he never has."

"How was he going to pay you?"

"Why, he said he would make a new nose for old Margaret. Her nose is all worn off."

"A new nose! How could he make a new nose?" asked Miss Anne.

"O, of putty. He said he could make it of putty, and stick it on."

"Putty!" exclaimed Miss Anne. "What a boy!"

Old Margaret was an old doll that Lucy had. She was not big enough to take very good care of a doll, and old Margaret had been tumbled about the floors and carpets until she was pretty well worn out. Still, however, Lucy always kept her, with her other playthings, in her treasury.

The place which Lucy called her treasury was a part of a closet or wardrobe, in a back entry, very near Miss Anne's room. This closet extended down to the floor, and upwards nearly to the wall. There were two doors above, and two below. The lower part had been assigned to Lucy, to keep her playthings and her various treasures in; and it was called her treasury.

Her treasury was not kept in very good order. The upper shelf contained books, and the two lower, playthings. But all three of the shelves were in a state of sad disorder. And this was the reason why Miss Anne asked her about it.

"Yes, Miss Anne," said Lucy, "that is the

very difficulty, I know. I have got too many things in my treasury; and if you will keep my best things for me, then I shall have room for the rest. I'll run and get my tea things."

"But stop," said Miss Anne. "It seems to me that you had better keep your best things yourself, and put the others away somewhere."

"But where shall I put them?" asked Lucy.

"Why, you might carry them up garret, and put them in a box. Take out all the broken playthings, and the old papers, and the things of no value, and put them in a box, and then we will get Royal to nail a cover on it."

"Well,—if I only had a box," said Lucy.

"And then," continued Miss Anne, "after a good while, when you have forgotten all about the box, and have got tired of your playthings in the treasury, I can say, 'O Lucy, don't you remember you have got a box full of playthings up in the garret?' And then you can go up there, and Royal will draw out the nails, and take off the cover, and you can look them all over, and they will be new again."

"O aunt Anne, will they be really new again?" said Lucy; "would old Margaret be new again if I should nail her up in a box?"

Lucy thought that new meant nice, and whole, and clean, like things when they are first bought at the toy-shop or bookstore.

Miss Anne laughed at this mistake; for she meant that they would be new to her; that is, that she would have forgotten pretty much how they looked, and that she would take a new and fresh interest in looking at them.

Lucy looked a little disappointed when Miss Anne explained that this was her meaning; but she said that she would carry up some of the things to the garret, if she had only a box to put them in.

Miss Anne said that she presumed that she could find some box or old trunk up there; and she gave Lucy a basket to put the things into, that were to be carried up.

So Lucy took the basket, and carried it into the entry; and she opened the doors of her treasury; and placed the basket down upon the floor before it.

Then she knelt down herself upon the carpet, and began to take a survey of the scene of confusion before her.

She took out several blocks, which were lying upon the lower shelf, and also some large sheets of paper with great letters printed upon them. Her father had given them to her to cut the letters out, and paste them into little books. Next came a saucer, with patches of red, blue, green, and yellow, all over it, made with water colors, from Miss Anne's paint box. She put these things into the basket, and then sat still for some minutes, not knowing what to take next. Not being able to decide herself, she went back to ask Miss Anne.

"What things do you think I had better carry away, Miss Anne?" said she. "I can't tell very well."

"I don't know what things you have got there, exactly," said Miss Anne; "but I can tell you what kind of things I should take away."

"Well, what kind?" said Lucy.

"Why, I should take the bulky things."

"Bulky things!" said Lucy; "what are bulky things?"

"Why, big things—those that take up a great deal of room."

"Well, what other kinds of things, Miss Anne?"

"The useless things."

"Useless?" repeated Lucy.

"Yes, those that you do not use much."

"Well, what others?"

"All the old, broken things."

"Well, and what else?"

"Why, I think," replied Miss Anne, "that if you take away all those, you will then probably have room enough for the rest. At any rate, go and get a basket full of such as I have told you, and we will see how much room it makes."

So Lucy went back, and began to take out some of the broken, and useless, and large things, and at length filled her basket full. Then she carried them in to show to Miss Anne. Miss Anne looked them over, and took out some old papers which were of no value whatever, and then told Lucy, that, if she would carry them up stairs, and put them down upon the garret floor, she would herself come up by and by, and find a box to put them in. Lucy did so, and then came down, intending to get another basket full.

As she was descending the stairs, coming down carefully from step to step, with one hand upon the banisters, and the other holding her basket, singing a little song,—her mother, who was at work in the parlor, heard her, and came out into the entry.

"Ah, my little Miss Lucy," said she, "I've found you, have I? Just come into the parlor a minute; I want to show you something."

Lucy's mother smiled when she said this; and Lucy could not imagine what it was that she wanted to show her.

As soon, however, as she got into the room, her mother stopped by the door, and pointed to the little chairs and crickets which Lucy had left out upon the floor of the room, when she had dismissed her school. The rule was, that she must always put away all the chairs and furniture of every kind which she used in her play; and, when she forgot or neglected this, her punishment was, to be imprisoned for ten minutes upon a little cricket in the corner, with nothing to amuse herself with but a book. And a book was not much amusement for her; for she could not read; she only knew a few of her letters.

As soon, therefore, as she saw her mother pointing at the crickets and chairs, she began at once to excuse herself by saying,

"Well, mother, that is because I was doing something for Miss Anne. No, it is because Royal made me go away from my school, before it was done."

"Royal made you go away! how?" asked her mother.

"Why, he laughed at me, and so I ran after him; and then Miss Anne took me into her room, and I forgot all about my chairs and crickets."

"Well, I am sorry for you; but you must put them away, and then go to prison."

So Lucy put away her crickets and chairs, and then went and took her seat in the corner where she could see the clock, and began to look over her book to find such letters as she knew, until the minute-hand had passed over two of the five minute spaces upon the face of the clock. Then she got up and went out; and, hearing Royal's voice in the yard, she went out to see what he was doing, and forgot all about the work she had undertaken at her treasury. Miss Anne sat in her room two hours, wondering what had become of Lucy; and finally, when she came out of her room to see about getting tea, she shut the treasury doors, and, seeing the basket upon the stairs, where Lucy had left it, she took it and put it away in its place.

[Lucy's Conversations.]

Written for the Ladies' Garland.

THE TWO APPRENTICES: OR, THE EDUCATION FINISHED.

A TALE--BEING THE THIRD OF THE SERIES OF THE TWO SISTERS.

BY PROFESSOR J. H. INGRAHAM.

THE first appearance in society of two beautiful and wealthy girls, like Ann and Caroline Marshall, created not a little sensation in the aristocratic circle in which they had made their *debut*. Their beauty, fortune, fashionable appearance and finished education, (for all the world knew they had just left Madame ——'s school,) was the talk of scheming mothers with marrying sons, of marrying sons with fortunes yet to make, with economical—yet still gay—bachelors, and widowers with broken estates to repair.

"Mrs. Marshall will throw her house open and give drawing-rooms, now," said Mrs. Col. Bisbee to Mrs. Dr. Leigh, at Col. Whartons' party. "What a match the girls will be. I only wish Henry was of age!"

"I am told Mr. Marshall is worth three hundred thousand dollars, and these are his only children;" remarked Mrs. Dr. Leigh back again to Mrs. Col. Bisbee. "They will be splendid fortunes."

The morning after "The Trial," these "fine matches" and "splendid fortunes" made their appearance in the library at the hour of appointment. Ann, who was really a sensible and good girl, felt excessively mortified to find her education had proved so deficient, but she was most hurt that her father should have received such a disappointment. She entered the library sad and thoughtful, wondering what her father had to propose, and prepared in her heart to acquiesce fully in his wishes, even if it was to return to school for three years longer. Caroline was more vexed than grieved, at the exposure of her

ignorance, and her pride coming to her aid, she had the preceding night internally resolved not to go into society for a full year, but remain at home and devote the whole time to study. With these commendable dispositions, the two sisters came into their father's presence.

Mr. Marshall was reading when they entered, but laid the book down and received them with a kind, paternal smile.

"Good morning, my dear children," he said, as he seated one on each side of him; "I am glad to see you are so punctual to our appointment; it argues favourably for the issue of my wishes. I need not ask whether you are now quite convinced that your education is not a *useful* one—that, with all your knowledge of various elegancies of scholarship, there is nothing you know perfectly, or which you could make use of towards supporting yourselves in case any reverse of fortune should happen to you!"

The young ladies were silent; but their heightened colour and down cast eyes spoke eloquently the reply their lips could not be trusted with.

"My motive, dear Ann and Caro," he continued, "in soliciting this interview with you, proceeds from the kindest and most anxious affection. I have long suspected the usefulness of a fashionable modern education, and have lately been made aware that you were throwing away your best years in frivolous acquisitions. I saw that, though your minds and manners had improved, it was owing more to your innate taste and refine-

ment, than any instructions you derived from Madame ——'s, whose whole system I began to have reason to suspect was hollow and superficial; one unfitted for training an individual either for usefulness in this world, or happiness in the next. I saw you had acquired only the tinsel of education, and that the solid foundation was almost altogether wanting. I waited patiently till your last year was up, and when you returned home "finished," I put you to the ordeal; not so much to convince myself as to prove to yourselves your own deficiencies. The trial has passed and the result I need not repeat."

"No, sir—spare us, father," cried both at once; "we are sufficiently vexed and mortified, and feel deeply grateful to you for so early making us sensible of our deficiencies. But neither of us ever expected what we learned at school would be called for in the world."

"Every kind of learning is useful at some period of life or another. Now I am glad to find you so humble, and trust to find you willing to retrieve your lost time."

"Indeed we are," said Caroline, warmly. "I am willing to renounce the society we have just appeared in, and again become a school girl."

"And will you, Ann, at your age, return to school?"

"Cheerfully, dear father, though I confess it would be mortifying; but I feel I cannot be more mortified in the eyes of others, than I am now at myself."

"But I should not like to return to Madame ——'s school," said Caroline. "We have gone through all the classes, and learnt every —— no—not every thing," she added, correcting herself and blushing.

"Were I to return you to school, it would not be Madame ——'s," replied Mr. Marshall; "but it is not my intention you shall go to school again. The purpose I have in view for you, is to provide you proper instructors in music and French, and let you study at home; leaving it to your own pride and sense of duty, after the mortification you have lately experienced, to apply yourselves."

Both young ladies were delighted at this indulgence of their kind and sensible parent; and in contemplating the improvement they should make, they quite forgot the loss of the pleasures of the gay society into which they had just been introduced. Ann began to feel her self-respect restored, and Caroline was all happiness and hope. Their father was rejoiced to see this state of mind in the two young ladies who were so willing to sacrifice pleasure to duty. But the consciousness of their shameful deficiencies in the branches of study they ought to have known, spurred

them on to make themselves masters of them. It were well if other young ladies when convinced of the errors of their education would be as ready to make the effort to retrieve them. Perhaps few who now leave school "finished" could on trial succeed better than our heroines.

"My dear children," said Mr. Marshall, gravely, "I have yet another object in view, which I fear you will be less ready to embrace. It has always been my opinion that every person, of either sex, whatever be their wealth and station at the present time, should know some current occupation, by which, in pecuniary distress, they might maintain themselves. You both remember the story of the nobleman, who, paying suit to a young lady, received her father's consent only on condition he first made himself master of some trade. Being deeply attached to her, the young noble went and learned the trade of a basket-maker. He then gave the lady's father proof of his perfect skill in the art, and received his daughter in marriage. A few years elapsed, his country was convulsed with revolutions, and he fled with his wife to England, where he would have been reduced to the utmost indigence, but for the knowledge of his trade of basket-making, to which he resorted, and by which he supported himself and family, until a change of government restored him to his country and his possessions. The father of the lady, as the result shows, was a wise man. Every parent who wishes his children to be independent of poverty, should give them the knowledge of some handicraft or occupation. Every gentleman's son can in a short time learn book-keeping, and in case of misfortune he has a clerkship to resort to for support. Every young lady should be taught, before she quits the maternal roof, the trade of millinery, or mantua-making. No young lady's education can be complete, until she acquires such a trade. You smile, Caroline. I am sorry to see that my child is infected with the ignorant prejudices against trades, that so shamefully exist in this country. How much misery would have been averted in the world, if females had been educated to be more independent! Neither of you can form a conception of it. I have had my heart bleed at suffering. I have witnessed that which might have been prevented, if parents had properly done their duty. A father or mother that suffers a son or daughter to leave the paternal roof without the knowledge of some pursuit by which they can be independent, is guilty in the sight of God of the evils and crimes which in consequence may befall them. I do not feel, therefore, my children, that I shall have performed my duty to you, if I suffer you to marry and enter upon life without an inde-

pendence in ourselves, which will render you superior to misfortune."

"You do not mean, dear father," exclaimed Caroline, "that you wish us to learn a trade?"

"This is my wish; and I sincerely hope you will co-operate with me therein."

"Indeed, sir," interposed Ann, "it would be so disreputable."

"No useful occupation is disreputable. Ignorance and dependence are so."

"But we will pursue our music and French," urged Ann, "during the year, and then we shall have an independence in them."

"But not such an one as I could desire for you. If you both had been proficient in them, it still would have been my purpose to give you the knowledge of a trade. For dress-makers and milliners can generally find work and support themselves; but few teachers of French and music are required to supply the demand, and these now mostly come from France, Germany, or Italy, and men are preferred. Depending alone on these, your chances, when thrown upon them as a resource for bread, would be slight for getting employment for your talents. I am serious and determined in this matter, my dear children, for I know you will thank me for it when you are older."

"It will be such a disgrace, father;" said Caroline, scornfully, and with a burning cheek of wounded pride.

"You have false notions. It is, on the contrary, honorable."

"How every body will wonder and laugh at us," added she, with tears in her eyes.

"None but the weak and foolish—and the opinions of such should have no weight with you."

"Sir," said Ann, impressively, "pray spare us this humiliation."

"It is for your good, and I shall feel happier, knowing you are fortified against the reverses which life daily brings to the wealthy."

"But do you fear poverty, father?" she asked, earnestly.

"No, my dear. I am rich, and shall in a few weeks retire from business with as much of this world's goods as I desire. But if I be not unfortunate, you may see misfortune in your lives—you may marry, and reverses may happen—widowhood and poverty."

"It is a fearful picture, father," said Caroline, shuddering.

"Arm yourself, then, against it, as I would urge you to do, should it ever be realized."

Ann was silent a few moments, and then said, with firmness and displeasure, "I have thought of it, father, and feel I cannot yield

to this mortification for a possible contingency. You ask too much, sir, of the obedience of your children."

Mr. Marshall looked with surprise at this unusual language and bearing of his daughter, hitherto the most gentle and yielding; but before he could reply, the street bell rang and a servant in a moment after came in and said a woman was very urgent to see him.

"Is she a lady, James?"

The footman hesitated at first, and then replied, "She is poor, now, but looks as if she might have seen better days. She says she *must* see you, sir."

"Show her into the library. This is a cold day for a poor woman to be abroad," added the benevolent merchant, whose well known charities brought many a poor way-farer to his hospitable door for temporary relief.

James ushered in a slender female, not yet twenty-seven years of age. She was pale and emaciated, rather by famine than sickness. The day abroad was wintry and bleak, and yet she wore only a straw bonnet, a thin muslin gown, and a small silk handkerchief about her neck, all having the worn air of poverty.

Mr. Marshall instantly recognized in her the wife of a young man of fortune he had once known, and the daughter of a merchant with whom he had once been associated in business. He quickly rose and offered her a chair, and politely presented her to his daughters, who were struck with pity and surprise. The poor woman sank into the seat, and covered her face with her hands, seemingly overcome with sorrow and suffering. He kindly took her hand and inquired what he could do for her.

"Bread and shelter for my dear children," she answered, with such earnestness of petition, as deeply to move the sympathies of the sisters.

"Is your husband no longer living?"

"He has been seven months dead. He had become poor before his last illness, which took from me all I possessed. Since then, Mr. Marshall, I have been struggling with the most painful indigence;—his friends refusing me relief—for his evil courses had estranged their affection from him—my own friends are living in Boston, and could not help me if they would. Last week I parted with the last article I had on earth, for food for myself and two dear boys—when I tell you it was my *wedding ring* I need not say any thing more to prove to you my utter destitution at this moment. To-day we were driven from our wretched dwelling, and I have come to you, remembering your former intimacy with my father, to influence you at least to save my children."

Mr. Marshall and his daughters listened to her painful narrative with pity.

"Could you obtain no employment, Mrs. Linnford, that you were driven to such distressing necessities?"

"Alas, sir, I am ignorant of any thing by which I can earn a penny. I tried first to get one or two French scholars, but I was found too deficient, not having properly been instructed in the language, so that it failed me when I would have made it a resource. My slight knowledge of drawing and painting failed to be of service, as those I applied to were not satisfied with my productions; in my music I was equally unsuccessful; and too late I found that I had been educated for prosperity, and not for adversity; and that my fashionable acquirements, when I would have leaned upon them, proved broken reeds."

Mr. Marshall glanced slightly at his daughters, who returned the look with emotions they found it difficult to suppress. Their eyes were filled with tears.

"Had you no more solid pursuits to fall back upon, then, Mrs. Linnford?" inquired the merchant, questioning her further, desirous that his daughters should have the full benefit of this opportunity of seeing illustrated in actual life, what he would have had them learn rather by the experience of others than their own.

"No, sir."

"Could you not sew?"

"A little, sir—but I could neither cut nor make any thing to be of use, or by which money could be made. If I had only given some of the wasted time over my piano and drawings in girlhood, to learning the trade of dress-making, I could easily have obtained employment, and supported my children decently. But as it is, sir, I have found myself perfectly helpless, and am at last driven to seek charity from one who knew me in the gaiety and sunshine of my youth, when I lived only for admiration and pleasure, believing life would always be thus to me."

Mr. Marshall wiped a tear from his eye, and then affectionately inquiring where her children were, ordered his carriage, and bade her go for them to a kind neighbor's with whom she said that she had left them, and at once return with them to his house. She quit him with tears of gratitude to fulfil his wishes.

For some moments after she had left the room, and they had heard the carriage drive away, they remained silent. At length Ann burst into tears of grief and penitence, and throwing herself into her father's arms, sobbed, without power to speak. Caroline came and knelt at his feet, clasping his hands within hers. Both were overcome by the scene

they had been a party to—both were touched with fear and distress.

"My dear daughters," said their father, pressing them alternately to his heart; "I am overjoyed to see that you feel. Providence has certainly sent her here to enforce my wishes in your behalf. This poor widow I once knew, as young, lovely, and happy, as either of you, and as likely to be happy in life. Her father was wealthy and indulged her, and she was surrounded with every luxury. She was a *belle*, admired, and caressed and flattered. She married a young man of fortune, who had already acquired dissipated and extravagant habits, and as she informs me—for I have long ceased to hear any thing from them—has ended his life in poverty, leaving her in utter destitution, and a petitioner of charity. Her fate, dear girls, Heaven has given as a lesson to you—oh, may it be so deeply impressed upon your mind as never to be erased. God in mercy avert evil from your heads, but if it come—as come it may, in this chequered life—may you be prepared for it while in prosperity."

"Dear, dearest father," they exclaimed, both at once, "we will not say one word more against learning a trade. We shall only be too happy if you will permit us."

"Now you have made me happy," he said, with a glow of pride and pleasure. "You have shown yourselves noble and generous girls; and when you have acquired it, I shall feel more confidence in letting you leave my roof, when the time of our separation comes; for I shall know whatever evil befall, the fate of this poor, helpless Mrs. Linnford can never be yours."

The comfort of Mrs. Linnford, was Mr. Marshall's first care; and when he had placed her in a comfortable suite of rooms, and seen her smile again with hope, he gave himself to the finishing of the education of his daughters. Mrs. Marshall, at first, made decided objections to the "preposterous idea," of putting Ann and Caroline to trades. "What would the world say?" was her narrow-minded argument, when it was proposed to her. She, however, was prevailed upon to give her consent, on hearing the sad story of Mrs. Linnford; and the sisters choosing dress-makers' or "mantua-making" trade, were the next week placed with a Mrs. Goodwin, a lady who had once been a gentlewoman, and had moved in the same circles fifteen years before, with the Marshall family. Widowhood and poverty had driven her to provide for herself, which she was, happily, able to do, from having been taught by a sensible mother dress-making before she was married. It was now her means, not only of independence, but of respectability. With this excellent person Ann and Caroline

were placed, and were highly pleased with their new occupation. No distinction was made between them and the other apprentices, and all was harmony and cheerful employment. It was pleasant to see the sisters leave the house every morning at eight o'clock, in plain cottage bonnets, thick shawls, and neat chintz gowns, and with their baskets on their arms, trip to the shop. At one, they came home, and, changing their dresses, received their French, Italian and music teachers till five, and the evening they devoted, under their father's eye, to study.

The world made a great noise about it, and many of their aristocratic friends *cut* the apprentices. But these were the very ones whose friendship and acquaintance would have been valueless, if not injurious to them; so they were well got out of the way. Mr. Marshall was called eccentric; some thought he feared bankruptcy; and some said one thing and some another; and so the matter, after occasioning a little town wonder and talk, subsided.

The young ladies nobly pursued their object, and at the end of nine months, both of them had learned their trade thoroughly, and felt more proud of Mrs. Goodwin's praises than of all Madame ——'s false flatteries, on their quitting her school. They felt themselves now, independent, and a conscious pride of self-dependence gave them more energy and strength of character than they had ever felt before. Their studies in the meanwhile had been thoroughly reviewed and *learned* over, so that, at the end of the year, they felt they could not only entertain M. Laveaux in his native language, but really did converse a whole evening with French and Italian gentlemen that were guests at their father's. They replaced their former teacher's *lying* drawings and paintings by genuine ones from their own pencils; and both proved such proficient in music, as to compose very excellent pieces, and play at sight the most difficult compositions of Mozart and Hayden.

Thus good sense triumphed over prejudice. By stooping to learn a trade, these young ladies gained self-respect, and truly ennobled themselves in the eyes of the world which had affected to despise them. As these events are of recent occurrence, and as all the parties still live, we have little more to add, having elucidated our principle and its moral. Ann, it may be said, is well married to a merchant, and lives in a style becoming her wealth and station. Caroline is engaged to that Mr. "Somebody" she once danced with. That their future life may be happy as its morning was bright and serene, and that no vicissitudes of fortune will compel them to resort to that self-dependence which

they both have made such noble sacrifices of prejudices and pride to obtain; and that Mr. Marshall, the kind, wise, and good father, may live to see them, and their children after them, blessed and happy, is the prayer of the writer, as he feels it will be that of all those who have read this tale of "No Fiction."

[Original.]

THE TWO BROTHERS.

MANY years ago—when our beloved country formed a portion of the British possessions, and our forefathers were burthened with heavy taxes, to support the extravagance of lords and dukes, and others of the nobility of England, whom they never saw, and who never thought of them except as wretches of their convenience—there lived on the shore of the Hudson river, not far from the (now) neat little village of Manhattanville, about five miles from the City Hall, an honest old Dutchman by the name of Schneyder, who emigrated hither in his youth. He had two sons, the elder of whom was called Yocup, or Jacob, and the younger Hans, or Henry. Jacob was a wild and dissolute youth, associating with the profligate of the neighborhood, and engaging in all the vices incident to those who grow up without restraint to their evil propensities. He was indolent and wilful, neglecting the wishes and commands of his parents, notwithstanding his father and mother were very kind to him, and were toiling night and day for his comfort. Whenever any little service was to be performed in the garden or the fields, Jacob was sure to be missing, or affecting to be sick, thus escaping all sorts of labor; his younger brother Henry, who, being a mild, sober and industrious lad, always volunteering to relieve Jacob when he complained of illness, and to take upon himself such duties as were required in the absence of his indolent brother. Now some of my young readers may feel disposed to sneer at Henry for his want of sagacity in regard to Jacob's real character, and that he should continue to be so kind to one who could so far impose upon his good nature; but this should not be—the goodness of his heart should rather be admired, that led him thus to screen his brother from resentment, as his father was of a violent temper, and would have punished his son severely had he known the extent of his delinquency: and though it may by some be considered that Henry was thus placed in an unfortunate position, still, when every thing is considered, it would appear to have been more of a blessing; for, as under the circumstances, he was confined strictly at home, he escaped those temptations which youth are so apt to meet with abroad, and which so often obtain over them a fearful influence—beside this, Henry was always acquiring, through his industrious habits, some practical knowledge,

which, in after years, would likely be of service to him ; it was also ingrafting into his nature a system of application and stability, which form the chief character of usefulness in society, and the most desirable auxiliary or accompaniment of men in business life.

At the end of a few years, and when the brothers were grown to be young men, the mother was brought to her death-bed. Henry, who had always been an affectionate son, wept long and bitterly over her. His hand was clasped in her's when the shudder of death crept over her frame ; and he breathed a pious prayer for her happiness hereafter, as the last sigh from her pale lips came with sorrow upon his ear. O, blest would be the last hour of many a doting parent who otherwise go down sorrowing to the grave with the apprehension of evil to befall their offspring, could that parting be attended with some of the associations which clung around the death-bed of the mother of Henry ; but there were others in connection with Jacob, which lent a bitterness to that sad hour, even deeper in their tone and character than the joys which contrasted with them.

"Jacob !" said the anxious parent, as she felt the hand of death pressing on her—"Jacob, where art thou ? I feel not thy hand ; I hear not thy voice, as I do that of Henry. I would bless you both ere I die."

But Jacob came not at her call ; and where was he on this sorrowful occasion ? Alas ! it grieves me to say that he was as usual carousing at the village inn among his wild and riotous companions, and on Henry's head alone descended the blessing of the dying mother ; though she breathed a pious prayer for the reformation of Jacob, and a hope, in his behalf, of the Divine protection. When Jacob learned that his mother was dead, he experienced a pang of remorse for his neglect and ill conduct, and in a voice of sorrow, as she was laid in the grave, expressed a determination to become a better man ; but in a few days all his good resolutions were forgotten, and he returned to his former habits with renewed passion ; the natural consequence, when one relapses from a good resolution into the pursuit of evil ways.

The father of the two boys had now become infirm and aged, and the conduct of the garden and farm devolved upon Henry, who went on toiling as usual—but at length the old man was laid in the grave beside his faithful wife, and Jacob succeeded to his father's property, as the elder son—for such was the law in those days, and many was the act of injustice which resulted from this unjust requirement, as you will confess was the fact in this case, when you consider the contrast exhibited in the deportment and character of Jacob and Henry.

Jacob had now arrived at man's estate, and Henry—a few years younger—was strong and vigorous, and of genteel appearance ; and, moreover, was an intelligent youth, which is the chief and most noble ornament a young man may possess. He looked with sorrow upon the unhappy career of his brother, and besought him, by every kind consideration, to abandon his evil courses ; but Jacob had now become too confirmed in his habits to refrain from them—and thus he went on, neglectful (as of old) of all usefulness, and pursuing only after a false idea of happiness. It is but natural to suppose, then, that in this manner he soon ran through his

little patrimony ; while Henry, by persevering industry still adding to his little store of wealth, found himself prepared, when the farm came to be sold for the benefit of his brother's creditors, to purchase the same ; and shortly after, meeting with a frugal and virtuous girl, who won his affection, they were married and settled down happily, and in a few years they were surrounded by a number of beautiful children, who were instructed in such a way as to render Henry and his good wife happy in their age.

As for Jacob, he became an outcast from society. Having been reduced to beggary by his imprudence, he for a short time remained a pensioner upon his brother's bounty ; but being detected in some horrid crimes, he was obliged to flee his country, and was never more heard of.

Thus you see, my youthful readers, how necessary it is to happiness to pursue a virtuous, upright course of conduct. Had Jacob possessed the good qualities of Henry, he might have become equally happy in his advanced years, lived a useful and respected member of society, and known the true enjoyments of life. Be warned by his fate to avoid his example, and to follow that of his brother Henry ; and also know that idleness and indolence lead to penury and want, and perhaps to violence on the usages and laws of society ; and that justice, will surely overtake the transgressor. M.